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Poetry.

A SERIOUS HUMORIST.

My story is a sad one and won't take long to tell.
To any sort of metre I can suit it just as well.
You'll understand my misery before my tale is done,
It all began one hapless day—the day I made a pun;
And ever since that fatal hour the people do declare
That I became a humorist, alas! right then and there;
Though to be considered serious I'd give a lot of money,
Whatever I may say or do, they will insist it's funny.

I might perhaps have since escaped the direful consequences
Had I not penned a feeble joke when hardly in my senses,
Twas published in a paper of tremendous circulation,
And I was dubbed a humorist by all the laughing nation.
In vain I tried to prove myself a libelled individual,
The fatal truth confronted me—the joke was quite original,
Where'er I went there followed me that dreadful reputation,
And every word I spoke aroused uproarious cachinnation.

If I remarked in casual tones upon the gloomy weather,
The people laughed until they cried, and laughed and cried together;
When I gave information of some accident distressing,
They roared with mighty merriment exceedingly depressing;
And when I failed in business and despairing told my wife,
She, laughing, vowed I'd never been so funny in life!
I dressed in sombre black, assumed a black, funereal air,
And spoke in woe enveloped woes, my face distraught with care.

I wept a little when I could, all steep'd in melancholy,
But people only laughed again, and whispered, "Ain't he jolly!"
In fact, the more that I became a sacrifice to sadness,
The more I met the wretched glee that drove me near to madness.
Full half my time spent declining pressing invitations
To humorous banquets and to write for comic publications,
And scented notes and letters couched in words as sweet as honey—
"Now won't you send your autograph? and please to make it funny."

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Where'er I went there followed me that dreadful reputation,
And every word I spoke aroused uproarious cachinnation.

If I should sink beneath my trials and leave this mortal sphere,
The world would give me credit for the best joke of the year;
And doubtless folks who came to gaze upon my monument
Would find it quite impossible to keep their laughter pent.
'Tis useless to deny it now, alack! the mischief's done,
And I must be a humorist, tho' an unconscious one.
I've only this request to make, which no one can resist:
Please call me in my epitaph the Serious Humorist.

—*Herbert Hall Winslow, in Harper's.*

PEACH TREE CREEK.

At Peachtree creek in Sixty-four,
Hood's rebels held the north shore:
Their lines were long and full and strong,
And straight as line and plummet.

Below them stood the Union ranks,
And waved the starry banner,
And at the front Ben Harrison
With his Seventieth Indiana.

"Charge at them, men!" cried sturdy Ben;
"What, colonel, without orders?"
"Yes, charge the hill! and with a will
We'll sweep the rebel borders."

And in the van, that gallant man,
Ben Harrison, led the onset,
And drove out Hood and all his brood
And held the hill at sunset.

"Bravissimo!" cried Fighting Joe,
"Ben Harrison's no Quaker;
I'll make him here a brigadier
For Peachtree and Resaca."

Now once again the Union men,
Demanding honest money,
Place in the van that gallant man,
And promise him election.

"Charge up the hill!" again he shouts,
"Down with the red bandana!"
Up, boys, and vote! Again promote
Brave Ben of Indiana!

—*Boston Traveller.*

Our Story Teller.

UNCLE ANTHONY'S STORY.

Mrs. Hodge being under treatment for an attack on a wasp's nest made during house cleaning week, and now being unable to see; and I banished to the granary, by reason of being in the way of mops, scrubbing brushes, soap suds, and two dippefuls of water aimed at a window—I think I am safe in telling how a cat influenced much of my past, and what of my future is weighed out and put by for me.

If it had not been for a cat, the little Hodges would have had another mother. The way of it was this: I was cultivating my first moustache and the acquaintance of a great many young ladies whom I thought of marriageable age, like myself. It is astonishing, when I think of it, how much loss of sleep, exposure to night air, discomfort on steps and lingering in darkness and gloom one can bear at that time of life, and how much sweeter the apples and cider, mince pies and cake tasted when I had to go with a pretty girl to the cellar to get them, holding the candle, and having to pick her up out of the way of mice or frightful roaches, if there were no mice, and how nice, soft touches of hand were in the apple barrels, when our heads were close together in the bottom of the bin for the apples. I never carried a lighted candle out of a cellar in my life; they are so subject to draughts, so easily blown out. Then the fun of feeling around in the dark, with outstretched arms, to find the cellar steps, and the lusciousness of tender protection necessary! When I think of the sheilbarks and walnuts that, in the guise of fun, did the old country house, and the pretty little girl panting and gasping for breath, at running up so many steps; the turned-away blush at a little waist assistance, and maybe a kiss or two before breath enough was caught for protest—but these recollections overpower me!

I do not know how, or why, or when it came about, but I think it was slowly, like the chickenpox, I found there was one cellar and one garret which had one pretty girl going between, who seemed to further my efforts more than others to save her from mice and such dangers; who made me feel stronger and braver and better after them. So I gradually left the rest of my young lady acquaintances to combat alone, or with other fellows, and stood faithful guard three work-day evenings and on Sunday over "Tude," which, in our parts, is short for Susan.

She was (I do wonder if Mrs. Hodge ever will get hold of this?) the prettiest, plumpest, nicest * * * why the dimples at her elbows on her chin, and rosy cheeks, were always set to catch a fellow. They never went off, even at a funeral. She could not have been turned out and polished up better in a lathe. I mean the round parts. Her nose was tipped just a little bit up, just out of the way for kissing. And her mouth—strawberries and cream!

The fruit did seem so luscious ripe
It bade me come and taste of it.

(I knew I would strike poetry before I was done with her). And eyes, great blue eyes, with long, killing lashes turned up with a sweep to let out surprise, or resting in seductive dreaminess on the softest, roundest beds of velvety cheeks, or hoisted up against arch of eyebrow in playfulness, or resting half-way between, to guard bewitching glances that made me tingle from nape to heel.

To save my soul I could not keep my fingers off her ears. I have had them smacked by the chubbiest bunch of dimpled digits, bitten between the creamiest rows of teeth; thrown as far as my arm would permit without dislocation; but how they would go into the golden tresses of her hair, to hunt around in their curly depths for the smoothest, softest, most perfect little treasures of cartilage ever coveted by a sixteen-year-old skin, or that ever wagged—for she could wag her ears. How they were set on for whimsers, with frolicsome curls about them that tickled my nose and spoiled my speech, and brought the blushing request to "say it again!" Once I got near enough to buse one:

Go, ye heathen gods and goddesses;
Without skirts and bodices,
Let me stay awhile with that memory, be-

fore you set Jove at me with a thunderbolt, for telling it!

I caught her once without shoes and stockings! I knew something was wrong by the way she pressed down her skirts, kept her feet on the rung of the rocker, and sat uncomfortably front, which told me plainly enough that it was a foot trouble. So what did I do, but seize the poker, and say a little anxiously that I thought I saw a mouse run under her chair. Quicker than the rise of a partridge, up went her skirts and down came ten toes as white and fat as chestnuts worms, with the big toes leading off the others, in standing up with nails like rosy faces, looking back at the slope of the instep with sly glances at where the turning and polishing commenced on the trimmest pair of tapering ankles. Then she pranced across the room, holding up her skirts, making tilting jumps like a rabbit after frost, keeping time with little screeches, and finally vanishing through the doorway, taking from me a vision I shall never forget.

Puffed up with laugh (all inside), red and full as a toy balloon, I made a big racket upsetting chairs and things in an imaginary chase after that mouse, which I afterward described as having been caught, and given to her cat, thus accounting for my inability to display it triumphantly by the tail. * * * That cat was the cause of a lot of little Smiths instead of Hodges, for Tude married a Smith!

The way of it was this. The cat was a knowing one. He could turn the buttons straight up and down on the dresser door, and steal enough to keep the cook cross for a week. He could put his paw on the thumb latch of the cellar door, pull it down, give a kick, and come swinging out on the opening door with the other paw hooked in the handle, leaving it open, to turn conversation upon himself. He would rub around the big door, purr him into trust and confidence sufficient for his purpose, then send five spring-lances into his nose, spit into his face, and leave by the transom to walk the porch rafters for half an hour; until the enraged old canine had licked his wounds into forgetfulness, and all danger of recaliation was over. He slept in the easiest chair, and if routed out of it, would seat himself in wrath and indignation square in front, to stare one out of countenance, and make one feel a wretch, by exciting family sympathy. He always mewed to go out, after the old folks had retired, and when things were getting comfortable—necessitating disturbance, for I could not let him out until Tude got off my lap; and he mewed to get in before the good-nights were half over, and made a terrible caterwauling if his wants were not attended to at once, causing yet more of premature disturbance.

He regarded me as his enemy for some real or fancied grievance, or perhaps though jealousy; for he and Tude were as devoted as a pair of pigeons. He walked over the kitchen floor one day while it was wet with fresh logwood dye; not going on his toes like a righteous cat, but flat-footed, with soaking intent, and then jumped right into the lap of my best white corduroy riding breeches, executed a pirouette and was out of the window before I could get the legs of the tones together for throwing. The foot-prints may be seen to this day on the reverse of a little Hodge to whom the breeches were, in after life, donated, and cut down for his first pair.

The cat's name was Jake; he had been christened that the well bucket by Tude's small brother. He carried the scars of sundry battles, and was the hero of many a mighty tournament. He also carried the remnant of a tail, which stood as straight up as a musket on training-day; so I called him Major, on account of his military appearance.

Often I sat and wondered how that tail had been severed, and wished that the accident, or whatever it was, had happened to the other end of him. The brother who had christened him had died not long before, while coming from the top of a tree, at an age that is detrimental to cat-tails, coat-tails and things in general. I did not like to ask Tude about it, for fear of pain to her.

The major had another peculiarity which puzzled me much; instead of rubbing his sleek sides against the door-jamb-looking coolly up at you, and moving at an invisible command, he would mercifully held the door open for him to go through, as most cats do, ie never went through a door accompanied by any one, but patiently waited, eyeing it carefully, until left open and sure that it would not shut in a hurry. Then would he, with the speed of a be-kettled dog and great singleness of purpose, shoot through it, stop at a safe distance on mouse ground, hump up its back and spit at it. This was the more remarkable, as he had a shorter following than most cats, and as I have said, carried it perpendicularly; thus reducing considerably the time for getting all through, as compared with cats unfortunate enough to possess regulation tails of full length, with better chance for following. These singular performances were more particularly noticeable with a parlor door. I have seen him start for that door at his highest speed, and with full confidence but, seeing an almost imperceptible moving toward closing, he would slip off, jump the spinet, make the entire round of the room before he could depress his back, jump up and spit. One day, after a circuit of this kind, I asked Tude: "What makes the Major act in that uncatlike fashion?" I knew that in some way it was connected with his uncoupled tail, and thought this a pretty good way to get at the history of the separation.

We were standing at the mantelpiece. Our hands were playing "peep" around a candlestick. They had begun about two feet apart, but like children, were "getting better acquainted." Tude was looking so pretty that I could hardly keep my other hand still, but her mother was asleep, or "let on" to be, on the sofa, and I never have trusted to a woman being asleep in earnest at such times. So I put my tempted hand up to keep the other one company in restrained respectability, giving the benefit of the doubt to deception.

Tude raised her long eyelashes to their wide awake position, looked at me with her great blue discomforters, and laughed until her face was a whole whirlpool of dimples, and I wanted to be drawn down in it.

"Why, don't you know?" she said. At which I shook my head after a manner meaning "No," and wished, oh, how I wished that the old lady slept best with her face to the wall. "Don't you know? Why, one day I had some pies in the oven, and they were nearly done, I came in here to cool off a minute, when Aunt Jane began to lecture me on giddiness. Poor old lady, she went off with it herself last year! I got pretty ripply—that's the same thing as ruffled, isn't it?—for I knew the pies were burning. I hate lectures and burnt pies. So I started for the door there, with the 'Major,' as you call him, acting military escort. He fooled and poked, looked and mewed, rubbed and purred, and would not get through the door. I—I forgot my patience and banged the door shut, and off came his tail, all but 'that,'" and she measured, with one distracting finger upon another, a length of about two inches. "The rest I have up stairs for a duster. Would you like to see it? Well, he grew an awful lot to say so, and a jump and a spit. When he stopped running I don't know; I did not see him again for a week. Poor Jake! his stump had nearly healed over when he returned. Ever since that time he has regarded that door as his mortal enemy, and won't go through it unless it is propped open, or he thinks it is asleep, when he goes like a—like a comet with a short tail, and always turns around to spit his hatred and defiance at it."

Tude told all this with descriptive pantomime in a voice ringing with fun, but muffled by pity and regret, and the mirth in her eyes had a watery way out as she questioned me with them to see what I thought about it. I roared and choked and coughed, until a suspender button gave way. To repair my damages quietly, I backed to a chair and sat down. My first thought was that I was on fire; then that the chair was; then that a live pincushion had struck me; then that I was on a huge cupping machine. Sixteen claws, four black-looks, four teetis and four gimlances were at work simultaneously upon me, and multiplying themselves by activity in geometrical progression. I had sat down on the Major! I jumped, whirled like the balance-wheel of a watch, put in right and left-handers, backwards, and grabbed for his stump, but too short to hold on to. I mentally offered a half-crown for two—even two inches of addition to that tail, and cursed the door that pinched it off. I pranced, I sat down on him, but he only held on faster than ten thousand living hooks. Tude grabbed the fire-shovel and stood on her defense against me as a raving maniac, before she discovered the sort of war or cause thereof. I rushed from the house, bumped at the [illegible] but still he clung without once [illegible] his gum lances to squall. He [illegible] up in a bunch, sending his claws deeper, for better hold, by spasmodic kicks, until at last I scraped him off on the top-rail of the yard fence as I leaped it.

I heard Tude clap her hands and cry "Hiss cat!" Oh! but I was mad. I had enough without that. I felt that I had been dissected, branded and chewed up, and, for all I knew, digested; but that Tude should clap her hands and cry: "Hiss cat!"—hiss a cat on *me!* It was too much. I got madder and madder. I looked over my shoulder as I ran. There was the Major standing on the fence post gazing after me; his stump was vibrating with joy and victory. In the door was Tude, both hands going between the heavens and her knees; she doubling and undoubling rapidly like a bellows, working out the wildest laughs I ever heard. (But I don't blame her now.)

The last glimpse I had of her as I was going round the lane corner, she was leaning against the door jamb in a state of exhaustion, fire shovel in hand. For weeks I took my meals off the fifth step of the stairs, and slept in a sling.

The present mother of the little Hodges was staying at our house at the time, and nursed me through my affliction. They did the work. I loved Tude dearly, but that "Hiss cat!" and hand-clapping and laugh rang in my ears, keeping my anger away above heart-soreness, and turning my love into a hatred such as prolonged my recovery.

I overheard the doctor say one day to my mother: "Some powerful mental inflammation affects the efficacy of my liniment."

When I recovered, gratitude—the love that grows from touches soft and gentle and comes from mild, feeling eyes and whispers of low—and days of constant intercourse were entangled around a bit of spite. I loved a tender nurse. So we were married, and a good, true, loving wife I have. I will be glad to see her eyes open again. Perhaps she is a little overwrought with jealousy at times, and subject to tear falls that do not always wash the better part of me up to the surface; itkewise subject to eruptions of temper that spread rapidly over her face and affect her eyes in a flashing way; but for all that she watches me carefully when I least need it—like a true woman. When such things happen, and unforeseen seasons of banishment and despondency come upon me, I come out to the granary, lock the door, put up a ladder and take from over a rafter a tiny, sweet-scented note, with a swelling of the paper, a dimness of the glaze, and settling of dust, on a spot about the size of a tear upon it. Here it is, and it runs this way, but it came too late:

DEAR TONY: I did not mean to hiss the cat on you. I was trying to hiss him loose. Indeed, indeed I was.

Affectionately, and so sorry,
TUDE.

P. S.—The Major is dead—I killed him m y self.

N. B.—Do come to see me.... just once. T.

HAVANA TOBACCOS.

Deterioration in the Quality of the Leaf—Why is it?

Old smokers have long observed the fact that there is a constant deterioration going on in the quality of Havana tobacco. This experience is confirmed by the British consul general at Havana, who, in his last annual report on the trade of Cuba, states that the tobacco manufacturers and manufacturers of Cuba, in their rage after quick returns, force and spoil the plant in the ground and the curing house, and ship goods that not only no longer command the market, but are undersold by foreign and inferior, but more carefully prepared, and better suited to the general taste. Climate, are all in favor of a superior and large production, but capital, labor and a frugal and unfettered administration are wanting. The finest tobacco is produced in Vuelta Abajo, the southwestern district of the island. It is abundantly supplied with water and is the healthiest part of Cuba. After the rains have well saturated the light, sandy loam, the tobacco is sown in October, and then cuttings are taken between that and March, the second being considered the best. In some plantations, where water is wanting, "tripa," or some filling, only is produced. It is worked up to form the core of the cigar, the outer leaf being of a finer brand. In this way the frauds which so extensively prevail in the trade are committed. Inferior "tripa" is substituted in the factory. Notwithstanding the frauds Havana cigars are still fancied by the uninitiated. But it should be known that equally good tobacco is grown in Mexico, and Jamaica and Sonth America. The soil of Mexico especially is stated to be very suitable for tobacco growing, and those smokers who have once taken to Mexicans will not look at a Havana. A Mexican cigar has a body and flavor very palatable to the inveterate smoker, and if only tobacco planters in Mexico were to devote more care and attention to the cultivation and curing of their native tobacco the consumption of Mexican cigars would become far more general than it is now.—*Iron.*

THE MODERN COLOSSUS.

Carter Harrison's Estimate of Russia's Steady Movements.

Russia is a mighty colossus stalking across the world. She carries not a single blessing with her vast strides. Wherever she goes despotism and its attendant instrument espionage, followed by fear, destroys every vestige of real manhood among the people. There ought not to be a single feeling of affinity between the denizen of a free soil and this land of unlimited monarchy. On the other hand, though England be grasping and oppressive, yet where she goes a love of freedom goes, a real comprehension of civil liberty goes. However much we may dislike many of her manners, her bullying and domineering spirit; however much we may be disgusted by the supercilious demeanor of her people, yet we are forced to acknowledge that Great Britain is to-day the very bulwark of the world's freedom.

In a charming interview I had the other day in Buda-Pesth, with Prof. Vamberry, the celebrated Hugarian thinker and author, I gave expression to this idea, when he bounced from his chair, and running to his desk took up a manuscript which he was then writing, showed me a page, and said: "Read that, sir; your very language, almost in exact words, sir. It makes me happy to find that our ideas are thus echoes one of the other." Vamberry is a patriot, a lover of freedom and a hater of every form and fashion of tyranny, yet he thinks as I do that England must overbalance Russia or the dial on the face of the clock of progress will be set back indefinitely. Why is it? Simply she is forced by the very life-blood of her institutions. She is built upon a rock in which liberty, civil rights and independence are the component ingredients. She oppresses Ireland because of the cupidity of her landholders, and in trying to do that which is repugnant to the very genius of her institutions, the fight is inevitable, and must go on until freedom holds up tts head on Irish as well as on English soil."—*Chicago Mail.*

FASHION'S LATEST FAD.

Butterflies or Imitation Insects Sewed o to the Legs of Trousers.

"Oh!"

"What's the matter?"

"There's a horrid bug on your trousers. Brush it off, Jack."

A pretty girl and a particularly well dressed youth were walking out Walnut street yesterday afternoon toward 5 o'clock. The pretty girl's face filled with horror at the sight of a long and brightly-colored caterpillar, which extended itself lengthwise on her companion's pantaloons above the knee. She struck it deftly with her parasol, but the insect clung to the cloth, which was a fine quality of black cassimere. A second poke with the parasol failed to dislodge it. Finally she stooped and tried to pick it off, but it refused to move.

"Better leave him alone," laughed the young man, and upon her asking what it was explained as follows:

"It's a new wrinkle. You order a jet black pair of trousers with a shine on the cloth. Then, after your tailor has cut the pieces, have a spot marked on the piece over the left knee, and get some one to embroider there a firebug, or a butterfly, or some such insect. It's only been out a week, and nobody has it outside of Philadelphia. Great idea, eh, sis?"

"Who embroidered that?"

"Fannie; great scheme."

His sister curled her lips. "I don't like it," said she."—*Philadelphia News.*

SOME DANCES OF THE DAY.

The Newest Attractions of the Ball-Room—The Waltz's Second Century.

The Dancing-Masters' convention, recently held in the Grand Union hotel, adopted four new dances as the proper thing for ball-rooms this year. They are called the Washington Society quadrille, the National Standard lanciers, La Marjolane, and La Broncho. Society people, who think they are in the swim, but whose knowledge of dancing extends no further than the waltz, the polka, and the plain quadrille, with a smattering of the german, need have no fears of becoming wall-flowers. New York dancing-teachers say that the new dances will be dead before they are learned, and that the convention that adopted them is a side show.

There is a bad feeling between the National association of Teachers of Dancing and the American society of Professors of Dancing. The former has for its president a Boston gentleman, who edits a lively little paper called the *Galop*. The American society is managed by the New York teachers, and Dodsworth, Brookes, Manuel, Rivers, and others equally well known on the waxed floor are members. No New Yorkers belong to the National association. A gentleman with low-cut kid shoes and one-two step volunteered to tell a *World* reporter just what the difference was between the two associations. "They will pick up anything new," he said, alluding to the Nationals, "no matter how loud or romping it is, so long as they think it will have a short-lived popularity—such dances as the 'Boston dip,' or the 'racquet,' for instance. They teach the 'hop waltz' and all sorts of galops and fast polkas. The aim of the American society is to restrain the popular tendency to extremes in dancing, and to instruct their pupils in easy, graceful, and what we call legitimate dances. In further conversation the reporter gathered enough information to fill up one of those "Ball Room Guide and Art of Decorum" books that are so saleable in country villages.

The waltz enters upon its 101st season as popular as ever. It will be danced slow, and gentlemen will hold their partners at arms' length, as though they were afraid of them. "Pivoting," or the "Boston" and "round with Lena" style, will be indulged in at pisnics only. The "La Belle" waltz will be danced only in Chicago and the Canadian provinces, where it originated. The "La Russe," or "York," as it is now called, has been very popular for some seasons, and will be danced again this year. It is the old polka mazourka in double time and with a hop step. The side-step polka, Bohemian polka, heel-and-toe polka, and the common every-day polka redowa are not frowned upon by the select teachers, but they favor most the polka glissade. It was from the old-time redowa glissade that was danced sixty years years ago that the "racket" sprang. It is said that some college students first introduced it at Saratoga and called it the "Harvard Stroke." Then it assumed the names of "Ripple," "Rockaway," and "Kick Galop" in quick succession, until a Miss Simmons, of Troy, produced a piece of music which she called the "Racquet Waltz," and as the music fitted the new dance it was dubbed the "Racquet," afterward changed to "Racket." It has four steps and "a see-saw," and differs from the heel-and-toe polka in that the latter has three steps and a kick. These forms are the ones used by the reporter's informant, but they convey the idea.

Another dance that takes its name from a piece of music is "Dancing in the Barn." It first appeared in polite society under this name at Miss Clarissa Livingstone's reception at Delmonico's last winter, and sprang at once into favor. It has a side movement to the right, then to the left, and then a hop-waltz step. It is also called the "Military Schottische," but our forefathers knew it and danced it as the plain schottische. The plain quadrille and the Saratoga Lanciers are the standard squares danced. Though Brooklyn teacher has introduced a very pretty but rather complicated dance called the "Octagon" that keeps eight couples busy. The New York professors of dancing declare that the german is still the most popular of all dances. It comes with or without favors, and the variety of its figures is endless.—*New York World.*

From the School-room.

After an infant class had studied the sentence, "The hen scratches for corn," for some time, the teacher erased the words and asked a boy to repeat them. He gravely informed her that "the hen scratches her corns."

Once a boy had caused some trouble in the class by playing on a mouth-organ. The teacher discovered the culprit, and in his chap stowed the instrument of torture away.

Where is your spirit of moral rectitude?" demanded the teacher with an intonation that would have made the ghost of Hamlet's father wilt.

"In my pocket, ma'am," answered the boy between his sobs.

One teacher said she had put the word "economy" on the blackboard, and after explaining that it meant "to save," asked the class to make a sentence containing it. The boy who had carried over freckles from last year's vacation, held up his hand. He was told to let his dull companions see how bright he was, and gave voice to the following:

"The big dog economy-ed the little girl from drowning!"

A Boarding House Scandal.

First Boarder—"There's some one in Mrs. De Boots's room; I hear her talking."

Second Boarder—"It's a man. Listen!"

Mrs. De Boots (in her room)—"Kiss me, Jack."

Chorus of boarders in an undertone—"Oh! oh! oh! and her husband's name is Charlie!"

Mrs. De Boots (within)—"Do you love me Jack?"

Deep masculine voice in response—"Well, I should smile."

Boarders outside—"Heartless creature! We shall leave this very day. Let us confront her at once."

They knock and open the door simultaneously. Mrs. De Boots confronts them with her parrot on her finger. "Oh!" they exclaim, "we heard your parrot talking and came in to see him."

"Speak to the ladies, Jack," says Mrs. De Boots, with a quiet smile.

She had boarded before.

A Fretful Spirit.

Many men and women lose all the sweetness of life by giving way to a spirit of grumbling and criticism. There are many thousands surrounded with good constantly by word and acts asking "Is life worth living?" It is an unprofitable spirit to cultivate, and the grumbler in the marble palace is no so much a man or woman as the contented and happy one in the humblest cottage.

Dire Poverty?

"Bridget," said the mistress to the new hired girl, "you can go now and put the mackerel to soak."

"Sure, ma'am, ain you reduced to that?" asked Bridget sympathetically.—*Omaha World.*

It Was Not His Fault.

Fond Father—John, I read in the paper that your baseball nine "lit on the opposing pitcher and pounded him all over the field." I hope you had no part in the disgraceful affair.

John, '91 (sadly)—No, father. I did not hit him once.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Easily Explained.

A musician recently submitted a song to a publisher, entitled "Why Do I Live?" After reading a small portion of it the publisher wrote the composer as follows: "Because you sent it by a messenger boy."—*American Musician.*

Not Easily Embarrassed.

"Have you kept track of young Baboony lately? At the rate he's going on he'll soon be seriously embarrassed." "Embarrassed? Nonsense! You don't know the man. He asked me for the loan of a hundred this morning without the quiver of an eyelid."—*Life.*

Trouble Up Above.

Little Earnest, only four years old, after standing at the window for a long time in silent admiration of the recent terrific thunderstorm, turned to his mother, with a deep sigh, and said softly: "God's sky is getting some awful big cracks in it, mama."—*Troy Times.*

Courage.

Bennie was asked if he was afraid of the dark. "Oh, no," he said, "I go in great piles of dark!"—*Children at Home.*

A NELSONIAN RELIC.

Story of a Survivor of the Battle of the Nile.

There is still living at Merton, Surrey, an old man named Hudson, one of the last survivors of those who knew Lord Nelson in the flesh. He is still hale and hearty, though nearly 96 years old, and in possession of all his faculties, if I except, a slight dullness in hearing. He sits in an arm chair and chats about the admiral, as he styles him, and walks about his garden on sunny days and smokes his pipe. He was born on the Merton estate and has lived all his days in one of the two cottages at the bottom of the lane leading down from the Nelson Arms to the back of Merton Abbey. His wife was a daughter of Nelson's gardener, Cribb, and he himself as a boy was employed about the gardens of Sir William and Lady Hamilton, and in running on messages and fetching parcels from the stage wagon. He well recollects seeing Nelson fishing in the river Wandle, near the old Abbey mill, and sauntering with Sir William and his wife about the pretty grounds, which were intersected by an artificial canal which Nelson called the Nile, and which at that time extended on both sides of the high road. Hudson witnessed the final departure of Lord Nelson from the house on the 13th of September, 1805, just a month before his death at Trafalgar, and on that occasion shut the door of the post chaise in which he left, receiving from him a cordial grip of the hand, with a word of counsel, "Be a good boy till I come back again." "But he never has come back," says old Hudson, "and I don't think he ever will." He still points out at the bottom of his little garden the rivulet which used to feed the Nile, though it now flows in a diminished stream and contains not a single minnow. Hudson says that the cottage in which he lives and its neighbor also form a pair built by order of Lord Nelson for his coachman and his gardener, so thoroughly had a community of goods been established between him and his host and hostess; and he points with pride to the fact that the mulberry tree on his little grass plot was planted there by order of Lord Nelson himself. Over the mantlepiece of his little dwelling is a mirror in a heavy gilt frame, which, he tells his visitors, once formed part of the ornamental furniture of Nelson's room in Merton Place, and is his only tangible relic. The admiral, he says, "was very much beloved at Merton;" he would often stop and speak kindly to the boys who were at play in the street, and who regarded his weather-beaten form and features with all the more reverence and all the more pleasure because of the fruit and pence he would bestow on the youngsters. It is well, perhaps, to add that, though he has lately lost his wife, at an age little short of his own, Hudson is fairly well off and carefully provided for, so that there is no need of an appeal to the public for support in his old age; and to judge from his present state of health there seems to be no reason why he should not live to become a centenarian.—*Correspondence London Tanes.*

Roses in a Block of Ice.

A big bunch of "Jacks" and tea roses frozen into a cylinder of ice drew the eye of many a Broadway rounder to a sunny window on the upper Rialto. Roses and ice are two good things seldom seen in immediate conjunction. The symmetrical ice block was about 18x10 inches and round as a mathematician could have wished. It had evidently been in a mould, which in turn had been in a patent refrigerator, and the perfection of the process was such that the flowers, immersed in the mould full of water, had been frozen solid before they had a chance to wilt. Among the delicate green of the stem the ice needles formed a beautiful fringe, each petal had a waxy immobility, and the hearts of the buds looked as solid as marble.—*New York World.*

May Be You Never Tried This.

Middleriib's 7 year old boy had fallen out of a spreading chestnut tree and lay stunned, breathless and motionless. In vain the weeping mother and the anxious physician strove to bring breath or movement back to the limp and nerveless figure. "Let me try," said the father in a broken tone. He knelt over the lad with a hair brush. "Keep real still now, Harry, while papa brushes your hair," he said, and in 30 seconds that boy had looked out of every window in the room six times, and once he had looked out of two windows, up the chimney, behind the bureau and under the bed at the same time.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Couldn't Fool Her.

"Those scissors with which you are working," said the man of the house, "are taxed 45 per cent." "John English," exclaimed the woman of the house, looking him straight in the eye, "don't talk nonsense to me, if I am a woman and can't talk politics. Taxed 45 per cent. indeed! Why, I paid 30 cents a yard for them. Don't talk to me!" And indeed he didn't, very long, because she knew perfectly well, she said, the man who sold her those scissors wasn't the man to lose 15 cents on them."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Busy Day.

Old lady (to street gamin)—"Boy, you are a very dirty little boy. Why don't you run home and ask your mother to wash your face and hands?"

Gamin—"Me mudder ain't got time, mum, to-day. It's wash day.—*The Epoch.*

"Hang it all!" he exclaimed, as he turned over the periodicals on the counter, "I'd like to find a paper that isn't chuck full of base ball."

"There's a drug store on the next corner, sir," suggested the newsdealer.

"A drug store! Who asked for a drug store?"

"They sell fly-paper there, sir!"—*Time.*

Little Humming Birds, All.

A party of little 8 and 10 year-old girls were sitting on the steps at the house of one of the number on Sigourney street wearing each a fresh floral bouquet in the dress bosom when one was surprised to see a hummingbird approaching. The tiny flying gem darted right up to the girl and inserted his slender beak in the flowers. Then he tried the next one, and a little girl a few feet away exclaimed: "Oh, I wish he would come to me!" and at that moment the brilliant little hummer darted over to her also.—*Hartford Times.*

A Drunkard at Fourteen.

John Kelly, of Summit avenue, Jersey City, was brought before Judge Marten this morning by his mother, who wept and said her son's case was a hopeless one. He stole and got drunk every night. John, who is only fourteen years of age, was sentenced to ninety days.—*N. Y. Evening Telegram.*

Rent in Twain Several Times.

An earnest editor of an esteemed contemporary warns his readers that "their party is rent in twain by a dozen warring factions." In fact, he might say that it is rent in twain, a twain and a half or two twains. A dozen warring factions ought to send a thing in several fragments.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

These Women.

Miss Ethel (confidently)—"Do you know, Clara, that I had two offers of marriage last week?"

Miss Clara (with enthusiasm)—"O, I am delighted, dear! Then the report is really true that your uncle really left you his money."—*Life.*

She Used to Call Him Pa.

Miss Sarah (home from college on her first vacation)—"Why, papa——"

Her Pa—"Pa pa! How long since you got to stammerin'? Better stay away from them sem'naries of it's goin' t' confuse yer tongue!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Beggar's Stand for Sale.

The following singular advertisement appeared in a Scotch newspaper: "To be let, a beggar's stand, in a good, charitable neighborhood, bringing in but about 30 shillings per week. Some goodwill is required."—*London Scotsman.*

True Sagacity.

"Don't you sing?" inquired the musical young lady of the new arrival at the hotel; "why how stupid of you!"

"If ever you heard me try," said the young man, with an accent of conviction, "you'd think it was everlasting smart of me."—*Puck.*

Under Age.

Brooklyn street car conductor (to passenger)—"You will have to pay full fare for the dog, madame."

Madam (indignantly)—"Nonsense, the dear little fellow is not two years old yet.—*The Epoch.*

Our Serial Story.

STRONG HEART AND STEADY HAND.

BY D. R. LOCKE.

CHAPTER IX—CONTINUED.

"Dr. Rich used to say he had known a fit of the deepest unbelief in one of his parishioners brought on by eating mincepie. The woman was dyspeptic, and everybody knew it, and she never ate a piece of pie without having a terrible time with her soul. At last he told her if she would deny herself enough to let hot suppers alone, he thought she would see her evidences clearer. She grew down right sinner-like, mad at that, and never would send for him again."

They struck the road to the village at this point of evangelical reminiscence, when Harry spied a rough, dusty figure trudging ahead of them, which were a familiar look. Coming nearer, it proved to be old Taggart, a shade less forlorn in apparel than when he left, and walking much at his leisure, as if he felt a luxury in his freedom. As Harry passed, he gave no sign of recognition further than a look which conveyed that he wished to speak to him. Harry's curiosity to hear the old man's account of himself was so great that he left Miss Winter at the door of the hotel, refusing her invitation to come in and sing with her, by which it will be seen that he was not at all in love with the lady.

He hurried round to the office, and found Taggart sitting in the door of the porch. The wiry old wolf-hound had traveled nearly forty miles since morning, yet he showed no signs of fatigue.

"Well, I am glad to see you again," said Harry, going up to him and bending over him as he sat on the floor. "You're not in any trouble this time, I hope? Not but you've come to the right place, if you are." These words were said with perfect sincerity, be it known, for the old man's loneliness, his grit and silent patience, had awakened both respect and interest in Harry.

The old man winced as Harry spoke of "trouble," but he answered soberly, "Tain't anything I want of you this time, brought me here."

"Well, but you haven't had any supper, have you?" asked Harry, disposed to be hospitable to this guest, who would appreciate his slender resources. He blew a peculiar whistle which was a signal between him and the Chinamen's camp, and in a minute John's pigtail appeared at the door, overjoyed to see old Taggart, and it took fewer minutes than ever supper was cooked during the forty odd days the waiter over on his head heaped with coffee and good things left from Harry's dinner. The old man was allowed to eat without a question being asked him, but he was more eager to talk now than Harry was to hear. He polished off the last bone, and drew away from the table as if he had done with trifling matters.

He sat pondering how to begin, when, without any notion but that of making talk, Harry, said, jokingly, "Taggart, have you struck any luck yet?"

"Yes, that's what I have," he said, turning square round and looking Harry in the face. "Found what I was lookin' for these ten years. The indications is all that any heart could wish, and 'tain't goin' to peter out in a month, nuther."

"What is it? Have you found a mine? Going to make your fortune and run for Congress to beat Sharon," asked Harry, gaily, used to the miners' extravagant excitement over the most trifling signs of gold.

"Folks may call it a fortune, or they may call it something else. It's enough for me, and I was thinking it might be enough for you, if you had a mind for that sort of thing."

"Let's hear about it, Taggart. Got any of it about you?"

The old man looked as if he would have smiled if he had known how to, and slowly drew a leather beg from his bosom and untied it. Like flakes of butter in a churn, the precious fragment lay in the palm of his hand as he held it out, sample of the reward which he had been toiling these thirty years, in heat and cold, in sun and rain.

"'Tain't no quartz," he said, "to break a man before he can get it out. Nor 'tain't the richest I ever see, but its as pretty washings as I desire for the rest of my days. There's enough for me and you too, and your wife's good turn once, lendin' me your sister's money when I was hard up, and I'd like to have you put in with me and make a trifle for her, which, perhaps, she wouldn't refuse it."

Brooks was alive to the delicacy of this way of putting the matter, but the idea of a fortune in such a guise was strange and delightful enough not to prevent his ceremony in telling. He could not get it into his head that it wasn't one of the mining dreams of which he had heard ever since he had been on the coast, till his cool prudence would as soon have thought of looking for gains at a faro-bank, as to seek them in a mining speculation.

The old man saw his incredulity, and began to reassure him by a plain matter-of-fact account of his fortunes.

"I went over to camp along in the summer," he said, "and they didn't receive me quite hearty, but they'd got it into their fool heads that maybe Jim Anderson wan't no less to blame than I was, in that scuffle and if they didn't like me as well as they did him, 'twan't no reason that they should not see fair play. I stayed there for just as short a time as I could get my traps together and went off alone by myself, where I always knowed there was good indications, but never had time to look 'em up. I found there better than a fortnight prospectin' and I guess there ain't many foot of ground on that are canyon but I went over in that space of time. I came where they'd been washing, but the men had left 'em years ago; and thinks I ma

Recent Literature.

THE PUBLISHERS' LATEST ISSUES.

A Batch of Good Summer Novels—Reading Suited to the Heated Term.

"The History of Nicolas Muss," translated from the French of Charles Du Bois-Melly. Having left his post of public reader at the Academy of Louisburg in Wittemberg, Nicolas Muss enlisted among the horsemen of Mansfield, fighting for the Protestant cause. Having saved Admiral de Coligny in a desperate encounter with Catholic troops, Nicolas is attached to the Admiral's own detachment, and afterwards serves him as interpreter. Muss then reviews the happenings which preceded and led up to St. Bartholomew's night, and tells of his own marvelous escape from the massacre. Harper & Brothers, publishers, Franklin Square, New York.

The latest notable attempt to show the harmony of science and religion is in "The Unity of the Truth," by J. Max Hark, D. D., of Lancaster, Pa. Dr. Hark is one of the leading ministers and thinkers of the Moravian church in America, and a profound student of modern thought and culture. Dr. Hark's book is calculated to be thoroughly helpful to to the class of readers for whom it is designed—candid minds in search of a review of the relations of evolution and religion, which is brief without being skeleton like, earnest without being partisan in its tone, and frank but reverent in its admission of the probability that mankind is descended from some extinct form of mammal. Published by John B. Alden, New York.

Miss Varina Anne Davis, the daughter of Jeff. Davis, and the young lady who is called, in the South, the "Daughter of the Confederacy," makes her bow to the literary world with "An Irish Knight of the 19th Century," a neat little volume which is not only a sketch of the life of Robert Emmet, but deals with the conditions which created the need for such a man, and with the sad history of Ireland, in which he played so noble but so fatal—for himself—a part. John W. Lovell Co., 14 and 16 Vesey street, New York.

"Mexico, Our Neighbor," by Hon. John H. Rice, embodies in its 124 pages a vast deal of information about our sister republic—her resources, her needs, her government and her finances. It is an exceedingly interesting brochure. John W. Lovell Co., New York.

We have received Robert Timsol's novel, "A Pessimist: in Theory and Practice," bound in a neat cloth volume, from the publisher, John B. Alden, New York. It was first published serially in the *Novelist*. It is an excellent story, the conversations abounding in wit, humor and clever badinage, sustained throughout with unflagging vivacity. There is not a single dull page in it. Moreover, it has—what was so much desiderated by Charles Darwin—a good ending. The hero is thoroughly cured of his pessimism.

Cupples & Hurd, Boston, the well-known publishers, have begun the publication of a series of books by American authors, under the general title of the American Tauchnitz series, because printed and bound in the style of the well-known series of the famous Leipzig publisher. The first issue is "Miss Frances Merley," a novel, by John Elliot Curran, and the first long story from this strong sketch writer, whose work is familiar to the readers of the leading magazines.

Rev. E. E. Hale's latest story is "Mr. Tangier's Vacation," published by Roberts Brothers, 3 Somerset street, Boston. Like all of Mr. Hale's books, it teaches a lesson. Mr. Tangier is a lawyer, who, in true American fashion, overworks until one day he can think and drive no more. His physician orders a vacation. In a lovely New England village he finds a tempting spot. Mr. Tangier becomes interested in the school, the church, the clubs for reading and working among the poor. In many bright conversations the lessons of unselfishness and re-possibility are taught. A pretty thread of romance sets off the purpose of the story.

"The Steel Hammer" is a novel, translated from the French of Louis Ulbach. It is of an exciting character, turning upon a mysterious murder, committed in Paris. A coming sequel is to clear the mystery, under the title of "For Fifteen Years." D. Appleton & Co., New York. The volume is No. 1 of Appletons' "Town and Country Library," a series of 50-cent publications. D. Appleton, New York.

"Eve" is the latest novel by S. Baring-Gould, the popular English writer. He excels in the portrayal of English rural life, being probably second only to William Hardy in this line. The volume is one of Appletons' "Town and Country Library," a series of 50-cent publications. D. Appleton, New York.

Literary Notes.

Dean Bradley, of Westminster Abbey, is writing a life of his predecessor, Dean Stanley.

A Gypsy Lore society has been formed in London, of which Mr. Charles G. Leland is president.

Lord Tennyson intends to pass the next winter on the Riviera. He will put the finishing touches to an extensive poem while there.

Macmillan & Co. are about to publish, in two volumes, a second series of Carlyle's letters, extending from 1826 to 1835, edited by Prof. Norton.

J. B. Alden announces a new story by Maurice Thompson, entitled "A Fortnight of Folly," also Mrs. Lew Wallace's book, "The Land of the Pueblos."

The new Dictionary of Slang, Jargon and Cant will contain collections of circus and showmen's slang, tailors' slang and the slang of athletics and running.

Messrs. Joel Munsell's Sons, Albany, will publish at once, if enough subscriptions are received, a supplement by Mr. D. S. Durrie to his Index to American Genealogies.

Thomas Hardy, the English novelist, lives at Max Hill, near Dorchester, his house being perched high on a hill that overlooks many of the real scenes of his Wessex stories.

Mr. Carl Schurz is preparing a study of Prince Bismarck's career and of its bearings on the political situation of Europe. It will be published in an early issue of the *Forum*.

James Russell Lowell, David Dudley Field, and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell were among the distinguished foreigners honored with degrees by the university of Bologna on June 20th last.

The Ticknors are putting some good stories into their "paper series" of original copyright novels. The July volumes will be Helen Dawes Brown's "Two College Girls" and Howell's "Silas Lapham."

The home of the Alcotts at Concord, according to the Boston *Journal*, is to be offered for sale by the surviving members of the family, "to whom the old house seems only a sad ghost of its former self."

Lee & Shepard of Boston announce that they have nearly ready "Mexico: Picturesque, Political, Progressive," the joint work of Mrs. Mary E. Blake of Boston and Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan, of Chicago.

Mr. David McKay, of Philadelphia, announces a book called "The Sepiameron." It consists of seven striking tales, told by as many writers, some of whose names are very familiar to readers of the magazines.

Harper & Bros. have just issued William Black's new book, "The Adventures of a House-Boat." This is the twenty-second novel of Mr. Black's published by the Messrs. Harper, all but one of which are now in print.

Eggleston's capital *Century* story reaches a climax in the July installment and will be concluded in the August number. "Honest Abe Lincoln's" manner of handling a backwoods murder case is pictured with great dramatic effect.

Current Literature is the name of a new monthly, of which the first number is just issued in New York. Judged by its prospectus, it means to enter the same large field of hence the *Eclectic* and *Littell's Living Age* gather their stores.

Renan believes in devoting one's youth to study, thought, and life, not to writing. "My opinion," he says, "is that France will perish in a literary sense because of her young writers. It is impossible to write well before the age of 40 years."

Robert Louis Stevenson's paper in the July *Scribner's* is about "Popular Authors" of the Bracebridge Hemming and Sylvanus Cobb type. He will make some interesting inferences as to "what kind of talent is required to please this mighty public."

Whittaker & Co. announce the forthcoming issue of a volume containing a choice selection of the most popular songs and poems of Charles Mackay. Thirty years ago, Mackay was the most popular song-writer of the day, and a good many of his lyrical pieces deserve preservation. The complete edition of his poetical works has been out of print for some years.

The *Saturday Review* having referred to Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy" as having a "rather unpleasantly suggestive title," some one explains that "the allusion is to the famous—or rather infamous—criminal banker, Fauntleroy, who was hanged in London for forgery November 30, 1824, and whose execution is said to have been witnessed by 100,000 people."

A representative of Sampson, Low & Co. is quoted as saying to an English journalist that the firm has been sadly disappointed at the reception of the "Great Cryptogram," that they have not yet disposed of the first edition, and that, in the terminology of "the trade," the book is a "frost." At the great circulating libraries it is but little in demand, and whilst a few ask for the first volume, very few indeed ask for the second.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce for early publication a biography of Delia Bacon, who, in her "Philosophy of Shakespeare's Plays," announced and vigorously maintained the theory that Sir Walter Raleigh, Bacon, and others were the real authors. The book is admirably written by Mr. Theodore Bacon, of Rochester, and contains many letters of great interest by Carlyle, Emerson and Hawthorne.

BALD-HEADED WOMEN.

There are More of Them Than the Casual Observer Would Imagine.

An innocent young fellow came in yesterday and asked me why women are never bald-headed. I at first wondered where he had lived all his days, and then considering that he was not in the trade and didn't know the schemes that women have, I pitied him. The fact is, there are more bald headed women than there are men with shiny pates. Especially is this the case in the higher classes of society. The richer the food the poorer the sustenance given the egg of the hair. It receives more external attention, to be sure, and that partially makes up for it, but you would be surprised to be behind the scenes and see a woman, prominent in the best society, and who the night before bore her head, adorned with a luxuriant mass of "woman's glory," proudly aloft—you would be surprised to see her in here with not a hair on her head, bowing the polished cranium meekly before the ministrations of the fussy maids, while the latter arranged the V-shaped bangs (which are all the rage now, everything in hair-dressing tending to a point) or the Grecian knot (the style for full dress) so artistically as to deceive even her husband.

What a sensation these maids of mine could create could they reach the ears and hands of many of the society women of St. Louis. Many a man is happy in the possession of a wife with what he thinks an original head of hair. One well-known woman residing in the West End came in the other day and said her husband was proned to pull her hair, and wanted to know if her chignon could be made proof against this danger. We fixed it on with paste, and though she says they have had some regular hair-pulling matches since, her locks have held out. She thinks he is torturing her, but he is only dragging the knocked-back book to pay for rearranging it. Women who use hair restoratives do not get bald. But if you intend getting a society girl for a wife fasten her hair to a bush unknown to her and then surprise her into starting suddenly. If her waterfall doesn't give way you are pretty safe, though that will not be absolute proof. Why are women not baldeeded? Poor innocence!—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

ALL ABOUT CORSETS.

A Lot of Information on the Subject That May be of Interest to Women.

A leading corset-maker, long established in this city when asked as to the most comfortable corset for summer, displayed a daintily-embroidered imported corset of coutil. This was the lightest thing that she said for the season, and the price was $3, but she said she never made a pair under $15. That was the lowest price even for a pair of short riding corsets or for a child's corset waist, and from this price they are made all the way up to $50.

At this latter price they are of watered silk, and regular customers order several at a time. One wealthy lady, who has recently gone to Europe, took with her a dozen pairs of silk corsets in various colors, each pair costing $50. Of course the light silk easily solils, and these must be thrown away, so that it requires something of an income to indulge in this sort of a luxury. The rule is made over linen coutil, and this firm never trims with lace. The ladies wish lace on their corsets their maids must put it on. One fashionable customer, who gave a series of five receptions last winter, ordered five pairs of corsets at $19 a pair —one for each reception.

These corsets are of linen coutil, and many ladies prefer them to those of silk or satin. White is the popular color, but gray is worn for traveling almost exclusively. Riding corsets of sateen have soft, slender bones, and do not open in front. These are $3, but in coutil, gray or white, they are $15. Bathing corsets also have no steels in front, and are even shorter than riding corsets. This firm imports a specialty round soft linen lacing that draws easily, but is replaced by a silk lace if the lady prefers.

"Yes," said the manufacturer, "we make for Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Potter and all the leading actresses. A corset of proper make and size, and when fitted properly, should not meet within two inches at the waist, and should spread even farther apart above and below. The smallest waist we have ever fitted was 16 inches, and the largest 45. Yes, 45 inches is the waist of a young woman, and she looks as healthy as I do. Most waists measure from 24 to 26 inches. We have made corsets for Lillian and Minnie Warren, and for all the giants. Ladies come here and are fitted and wear the corsets away."

At other corset shops and at the leading dry goods stores is a variety of corsets for summer wear at very reasonable prices. The latest corset is the Jennyen, which makes a very light and pretty and durable corset. And still cooler and more airy corsets are made of a soft open-work material that is very pretty. A cheaper corset is of coarse strong net, and yet another style is made of the canvas that is used in worsted work. In these gauzy corsets, which look as if they might be very cool and comfortable for hot weather, the bones are of course covered with strong material, and the corset will wear almost as well as the ordinary kind. Seventy-five cents is the lowest price for these thin corsets.—*New York Mail and Express.*

JAPANESE BABIES.

The Good Little Japs and the Bad Little Japs, and How They are Punished.

The babies in Japan have sparkling eyes and funny little tufts of hair; they look so quaint and old-fashioned, exactly like those doll-babies that are sent over here to America. Now, in our country very young babies are apt to put everything in their mouths; a button, a pin, or anything, goes straight to the little rosy, wide-open mouth, and the nurse or mamma must always watch and take great care that baby does not swallow something dangerous. But in Japan they put the small babies right down in the sand by the door of the house or on the floor, but I never saw them attempt to put anything in their mouths unless they were told to do so, and no one seemed to be anxious about them

When little boys or girls in Japan are naughty and disobedient, they must be punished, of course; but the punishment is very strange. There are very small pieces of rice paper called *moxa*, and these are lighted with a match, and then put upon the finger or hand or arm of the naughty child, and they burn a spot on the tender skin that hurts very, very much. The child screams with the pain, and the red-hot *moxa* sticks to the skin for a moment or two, and then goes out; but the smarting burn remains, the little child is his fault. I do not like these *moxas*. I think it is a cruel punishment. But perhaps it is better than a whipping. Only I wish little children never had to be punished.—*St. Nicholas.*

First boy—Say, is your uncle bad?
Second ditto—Bad? Awful bad! The doctor says he's got shoebuckles on his lungs.

Ploughing the Waves.

A storm at sea means inevitable sea-sickness for ocean travelers. The vibration of a steamer's screw, even, is a sore trial to any but the strongest stomach. "Splicing the main brace," as the imbibition of a glass is jocularly termed by sailors, is a poor substitute for the swallowing of that incomparable tranquilizer of sea-sick stomachs, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which no commercial traveler, tourist, or invalid should be without in "crossing the briny," or making a tedious land journey. No unmedicated stimulant of commerce is comparable for efficacy to the great invigorant. Emigrants to the West pronounce it a reliable preventive of malarial infection, as well as other complaints to which hardship, impure water and miasma-tainted vapors give rise. It renders brackish water drinkable and harmless, and is a fine remedy for disorders of the stomach and bowels, and for kidney troubles and rheumatism.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

ONE carload of people was placed in undisturbed possession of all the particulars with regard to a certain leap year party which occurred here some time ago. They all know who took who, how "awfully cute" some of the young men who were named, behaved, how the girls resolved to "come up" to some of these youths who arranged to make their party calls in an ominous group, by being out, and how most of them individually concluded afterwards to be at home to receive these self-same youths. Of course the older gentlemen such as—well, no matter, but the names were given—made their calls in a more dignified manner. This was all very interesting, and very absurd to the listeners. Could the young lady who gave this recital in so loud a tone of voice know what was passing through the minds of those who heard her, she might have been a trifle less self-complacent. The street car is no place for conversations of a private nature, as this young lady who looked bright enough to know better, ought to understand. Nor has any one a right to make common property of the names and characteristics of their friends and acquaintances.

AMERICA has been called the new world because it was the latest to be discovered by civilized man. Its earliest inhabitants were savages while the dwellers in other countries were men farther advanced in civilization and better versed in the ways and means of improving their country as well as their manner of living. But as to the advantage of years, geological research has proven that Southern Canada and the Rocky Mountains are probably the oldest bit of dry land upon this planet. There is no reason why America may not have been the haven of rest in which Noah and his family were the only survivors. The ancient site of the Garden of Eden has been located at one of the earliest cities, and many parts of this continent show indications of a great flood. The ancient legend of the sinking of a great island named Atlantis, where ever since have roiled the mighty waters of the Atlantic, was fully believed by the early writers. The history of civilized America is short in comparison with that of the so-called old world, but as far as real age is concerned, it affords the best opportunity for studying the early nature and history of this continent.

IN a book entitled "A Debutante in New York Society," a story is told of a Mrs. Barnacle, a delightfully amusing and handsome woman of great influence in the society in which she lived and moved and had her being. "She never forgets faces, though she may a fact." One night she met a lady whom she had not seen for several years. Greeting her cordially, she inquired: "Where have you been hiding yourself for so long a time, Mrs Blank?" The latter replied, "My husband died five years ago, and I have not been in society before until to-night." Sweet sympathetic words were uttered and the two parted. Mrs. Blank thinking, "Society is not so hollow as cynics have declared it to be. How I have dreaded to face it again, and how tenderly it has met me in the person of Mrs. Barnacle." Later on the two met again, and Mrs. Barnacle, with sweet effusiveness, inquired: "Mrs. Blank, where did you say Mr. Blank is?" A pause, a stare, and then in slow, distinct utterance came the words: "He is still dead, Mrs Barnacle." We smile over the story, and think how terribly careless and flippant Mrs Barnacle must be, but the question comes, if to many of us a similar experience might not have arrived, had not accident prevented us from the blunder. Other people's sorrows we are apt to keep far from us, putting them out of our thoughts and memory, then when the consciousness is needed, there is a blank. Mrs. Barnacle is not alone in making such a mistake.

THE moon is to blame for much mischief and trouble, at least, so it is said. It is even claimed that a person sleeping with the silvery rays of a full moon shine upon him will wake up a lunatic. Of late a new charge has been laid to fair Luna's door which brought about a singular law suit A controversy was pending relative to the ownership of a herd of cattle, and the settlement depended upon the proof of the brand, which was found, on examination, to be three times as large as that which the claimant used. Thirteen witnesses were called, all of them experts in branding and cattle herding. They, one and all, swore that where the cattle were branded in the dark of the moon the brand never grew larger than the dimensions of the brand, no matter how large the animal might become. On the other hand if the cattle were branded in the light of the moon the bear will spread and the lighter the moon the more will the brand increase in size. The suit involving several thousand dollars was settled on this testimony. And so the fact is legally settled that the moon is a mischievous thing and many curious tricks are played by its shine.

SAVING the odds and ends is a principle well understood by modern manufacturers. It sounds like an allegory to say that a native ranch and cattle on a thousand hills over the country as dressed and canned beef, glue, horn combs, buttons, neatsfoot oil, oleomargarine, plasterer's hair, leather and fertilizing material. The cotton plant has as varied a career and the countless seed one of the most important articles of American commerce. For many years in tobacco manufacturing the seeds taken from the leaves were looked upon as waste materials, but of late a "sheep wash" has been extracted from the nicotine in the stems making a liquid which is invaluable in killing the vermin that infect sheep. This one article saves the wool interests of America millions of dollars, and the stems after the liquid has been extracted are found to be a powerful fertilizer. It is an actual fact that there is nothing so old or battered that it can not be put to use in some revised form. Even the old tin can which look so hopeless after being emptied of their contents come up again bright and shining, worked over into butter backs and countless other articles.

JULIAN Hawthorn is not enthusiastic about the amount of money authors generally make out of their books. This is what he writes about it to *Bi fford's Magazine*. It may afford some light to those people who think their fortune is assured if their literary work is once in print in book form: "Five hundred dollars a year for a successful novel! How many of our authors make twice that? How many ten times as much? How many twenty times as much? I will engage to entertain at dinner, at a round table five feet in diameter, all the American novelists who make more than a thousand dollars a year out of the royalty on any one of their novels, and to give them all they want to eat and drink, and three of the best cigars apiece afterward, and a hack to take them home in; and I will agree to forfeit a thousand dollars to the Home for Imbeciles if $25 does not liquidate the bill and leave enough over to buy a cloth copy of each of the works in question, with the author's autograph on the fly leaf. One hack would be sufficient, and would allow of their putting up their feet on the seat in front of them."

Such is Life.

"I say, Jack, old man," remarked the Yale Sophomore, "deuced pretty girl, that one with you yesterday. Do me the honor?"

"Why, of course. But see here, she's Miss Concord, of Boston—goes in heavy for philosophy and that sort of thing. Rather steep for you, eh?"

"Oh, no, that's all right. We'll get along. I've got a lot of bully gags on Plato and Aristotle and those old duffers."

Miss Clara (at the seashore)—How gracefully young Mr. De Lyle handles the ribbons when driving, doesn't he?"

Miss Jennie—He ought to, my dear; he has charge of that department at Silk & Satin's, you know.

Old Mr. Bentley—It beats all what an amount of corruption there is in the construction of the new aqueduct.

Old Mrs. Bentley—D' you think so, Joshua? I hain't noticed nothin' wrong with the water.

Miss Clara—What wonderful success Amelia Rives has met with.

Miss Ethel—Yes, but I think it's too bad the papers didn't publish a list of the wedding presents.

(Ethel and Blanche are discussing a coming masque ball.)

Ethel—If we go, do let's try and go as something new; I am tired of "Snow" and "Spring."

Blanche—Well, I'm going as Malaria. I think it's appropriate to this weather.

Tom—May I go as Quinine Pill?

Mrs. Blood (to the Colonel, who is going away)—I'm afraid you will find this quart bottle inconvenient to carry in the pocket, dear; why not take a pint bottle?

Col. Blood—That would be more inconvenient than a quart bottle.

—Are you weak and weary, overworked and tired? Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine to purify your blood and give you strength.

IN THE RUSSIAN BATH.

A SCENE BY BATHERS AT NEW YORK.

How Youth and Beauty, Age and Haggardness, Wealth and the Lack of It, Find Agreeable Company for Each Other Among the Vapors and in the Great Marble Plunge.

NEW YORK, July 7.—An onlooker might very naturally wonder what the destination is of the number of pretty, daintily-dressed women who turn in Twenty-fourth street from Sixth avenue and Broadway almost every morning in the year. Where are they all going, singly and in twos and threes? Pretty women mostly, and mostly graceful and happy-seeming, some painfully thin, some obstreperously, aggressively fat, some of that happy and bewitching medium which it is every woman's secret ambition to obtain.

They are all going to the baths, to be sure, to the luxuriously furnished and decorated baths attached to the Hoffman house. Let us go too.

On this warm, bright, June morning the heated bathrooms as we enter them feel oppressive and stifling. Our tailor-made gowns irritate us as they did not on the street. As soon as we enter the pretty silk-curtained box, we discard them as hurriedly as possible and wrap ourselves with a grateful sigh in the cool linen sheet furnished by the nimble-footed attendants. These same attendants, though ordinary looking young women when in everyday gear, look like so many lithe-limbed Ganymedes, as in their scant linen drapery they flit hither and thither.

In this little box (called a room by courtesy) there is a couch so ample and inviting that it rests the eyes just to look at it, a cheval glass, a little table for hairpins, etc., and shelves on all sides by a silk curtain on a brass rod.

Leaving our rooms we walk down a soft carpeted passage to the steam room. Hark! you can hear the splashing of the bathers, the hum of conversation and light laughter. The room is well filled with steam, and in the mist we can distinguish bright, girlish faces and the contours of white arms and shoulders against the marble on which they recline.

Girls and women are chattering like so many magpies, for somehow the steam of a Russian bath disposes the fair sex to be confidential with each other in a remarkable way. Perhaps when unhampered by the many distressing little restraints put on each morning with our clothes, our sympathies blend better. Perhaps we feel while wrapped only in the clinging, damp folds of our simple sheet that it is sweet to be as simple as we appear, and to believe our dear friend, into whose willing ear we pour confidences, as simple as she looks.

How many types of womanly beauty (and ugliness) we see. Types to transport one with genuine admiration, and types to make one groan and wonder too, but in quite a different way.

Here is a pretty girl, insouciant, conscious that her curves are adorning the curve of her shoulder and arm; here is her deplorably thin woman who comes to get fat, and the hopelessly fat woman, taking the steam with a fierce, determined expression, and who comes to get lean. Here is an old woman sitting quietly in a corner, watching the animated scene about her. She finds herself wondering if the baths have been ordered by her physician to drive away the chills and fever.

Here is a well-known singer in comic opera, singing a ballad in a soft contralto voice. Here is a woman (you generally find one) who has "heart trouble," and who keeps her attendant in a state of anxiety as to whether she feels faint yet, and if she has not stayed in long enough. Here us sits the wife of one of New York's wealthiest merchants, and beside her an ex-queen of the ballet, now broken down in health, her name almost forgotten, though at one time she was ravishingly lovely. A few minutes later I see the millionaire's wife and ex-ballet dancer exchanging laughing comments—truly the baths are democratic to a degree there is no caste here.

After the attendant has put us through a process of scrubbing and turned hot and cold showers upon us until we are fairly breathless, we go down the steps into the cold plunge filled with cold water, which takes up the center of the room. How icily cold it feels, but courage—in we go! swimming, sinking, laughing, breathless, we come out at the other end in a glow of delightful warmth and then run off to be dried. After this has been done we are wrapped in a great, warm sheet of Turkish toweling and then to our rooms.

Here we lie on the downy couch reading, gossiping with a friend in the next room, or more often quietly resting for an hour. And this is surely the pleasantest hour. A dreamy, delightful languor makes one feel like no eastern princess whose beck and call she does not go quietly. It is a time for dreams and air castles. Most of the bathers are back to their rooms by this time, and some are having luncheon.

The appetite is so sharpened that a salad and a cool drink are most welcome. I have noticed that in winter, after the bath, we favor hot drink with women is a mild milk punch; in summer a long glass of iced lemonade, drawn lazily through straws.

The curtains of our rooms are pushed aside and in steps the attendant, alcohol bottle in hand. This is the last stage of the bath. The body is sprinkled with the alcohol, and sometimes it gets into the nose and makes one gasp and sneeze.

Then follows a vigorous massage for half an hour, until the blood is singing in the veins and the flesh is smooth as the petals of a rose.

The athletic attendant smiles her thanks for the fee you lay in her velvety palm, and goes.

We look at the clock. It is almost 2 o'clock. Alas the hours have sped too fast. It is time to move on, time to don gear that close-fitting dress again and the shoes that pinch just a little bit; time to remember the tiresome shopping for the afternoon in crowded stores, and to forget utterly Eastern fancies of magnificent and untrammeled ease.

I do not believe there is one woman who does not sigh for the loose folds of the Greek gown and the comfort of a pair of sandals after a few hours in a Russian bath.

Hey, to be a primitive woman, and the world 2,000 years younger! Woman takes as naturally to luxury as a duck does to water, and on the whole she is good-natured, sunny-tempered and charmingly natural when disporting in a Russian bath.

FUNNY MEN'S FANCIES.

Husband (despondently)—Things look tough, my dear. But the world owes me a living.

Wife (impatiently)—Well, for heaven's sake, John, trace up and collect it!—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Strong Drawing Card—Luxury Loving Daughter—Oh, mamma, the paper says at Pills, Plaster & Co.'s drug store they are giving soda water free to all customers.

Practical Mother—How nice that is. Tell your Aunt Sarah and Aunt Jane and grandma and the girls to get a dollar's worth. We'll go around there this very morning and get a postage stamp.—*Omaha World.*

Brown—That's a handsome umbrella you've got there, Robinson.

Robinson—Yes.

Brown—About what does it cost to carry an umbrella like that?

Robinson—Eternal vigilance.—*New York Sun.*

Getting Down Mildly—"So you've been fishing this afternoon instead of going to school, I hear," said the old man, as he seated himself at the table and gazed birch rods at the boy. "Never mind, sir, you just wait until after supper. What have we got here wife, I'm hungry as a wolf?"

"Brook trout, pa," hastily explained the boy. "I caught 'em."

"That so?" said the old man, as he helped himself liberally: "but you mustn't neglect your education, my dear little boy, that will never do, you know."—*The Epoch.*

A hopeful view—"I am afraid, Bobby," said his mother, "that when your papa comes home all tired out with his day's work, and learns what a naughty boy you've been, he will punish you."

"Perhaps, ma," replied Bobby, with hope strong in his breast, "he will be too tired to feel like punishing me."—*The Epoch.*

Slightly mixed—Mistress (to maid who has just received a month's notice)—"I would rather not give you a character at all. But if you insist upon it, of course I shall tell the truth about you."

Maud—"And if you do, ma'am, I shall smilingly bring an action for defimation of character!"—*London Punch.*

"Is Mr. —— in?" asked a visitor at an office in the Moffat building of the office boy.

"Naw."

"Do you know where he is?"

"Nope; his aunt's dead, an' I guess he's either at the funeral or at the ball game."—*Detroit Free Press.*

NO SPOONING.

He held her hand and her fingers pressed,
But he never spoke of love;
For he was a clerk, and at her request
He was trying on her glove.
—*Somerville Journal.*

YOU SUFFER

from Biliousness, Constipation, Piles, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Colds, Liver Troubles, Jaundice, Dizziness, Bad taste in the Mouth, etc.---You need Suffer no longer---

Warner's SAFE Pills

will cure you. They have cured tens of thousands. They possess these points of superiority; sugar coated; purely vegetable, contain no calomel, mercury or mineral of any kind; do not gripe; never sicken; easy to take; mild in operation; and for these reasons are especially the favorites of women. Ask for

WARNER'S SAFE PILLS.

HIS RIDE TO DEATH.

Additional Facts About the Man Who Attempted to Navigate the Niagara Whirlpool.

NIAGARA FALLS, July 7.—Robert William Flack, of 69 Apple street, Syracuse, lost his life in an attempt to navigate the Whirlpool rapids in an open boat. This is the first fatality of the kind since the death of Capt. Webb, in the summer of 1883. Flack was Englishman by birth, who came to Canada sixteen years ago and to the States four years ago. He is a carpenter and builder by trade, but has followed various callings—a British soldier, a sailor, an engineer and the like. He came to Niagara Falls a week ago in answer to a challenge from Charley A. Percey, of this village, who last year made the voyage of the rapids and whirlpool successfully in a life-boat of his own construction.

The two were to race through the water named, from a point just below the falls, to Lewistown, for $500 a side, about the 1st of August.

A TRIP FOR PRACTICE

Percy had the advantage of having made the trip, so Flack took the journey for practice, merely selecting the Fourth as a time when big crowds would be at the Falls, that he might gain more notoriety. Flack was perfectly confident of success. He came down from his hotel to the foot of the old suspension bridge at 2:15 o'clock, his boat having preceded him an hour before. He was smoking a pipe coolly, and said that he was all ready to start as soon as the crowd got where it could see him.

"I'm going to stop at the whirlpool 20 minutes," he said, "for the benefit of the reporters, and then I am going on through Foster's flat, down the river to Lewiston. I hope "that I will have a rough voyage," he added, and turn about 20 somersaults, so as to prevent any other fellow from trying it. Good bye," and with that he stepped into his boat.

A DANGEROUS PIECE OF WATER.

Foster's flats is a dangerous bit of water between the whirlpool and the Devil's Hole, through which no barrel navigator or any other has had the courage to go. Flack's boat, the Phantom, is an open boat about 15 feet long, 4 feet 9 inches wide and 36 inches deep. It was painted white outside and blue inside. A part of it was decked over, but the central open space was 8½x3½ feet. It would have held a dozen passengers, and weighed 700 pounds. In the bottom of the boat was a crank for moving the propeller, with rudder ropes on each side.

Flack seated himself in the stern of the boat, and was strapped in by Joe Percy, brother of the rival navigator. Joe did the strapping down to perfection. Flack was clad in a blue flannel suit, with socks, and a handkerchief about his neck, given him by a lady friend.

STARTED ALL RIGHT.

He cast off from the Maid of the Mist landing, on the American side, at just 3 o'clock. Quite a crowd had gathered on the bluffs on both sides and the Maid of Maaning and Buttery elevators and Devcaux cottage grounds on the American side, at Brundage's and Coit's elevators on the Canadian side, while the suspension bridge was lined with spectators. The boat drifted slowly in the current until the central current caught it and then it was hurled quickly down into the seething, foaming waves of the rapids.

A big wave slapped the craft bottom side up inside of two minutes, but she righted again. Flack could be seen hanging on for dear life. Another wave and the boat was turned bottom side up right in the whirlpool. Just below Buttery's elevator, and above the cottage grounds, is the third and most dangerous point. Here the boat was seen for a moment, and then disappeared beneath a mountain of water. When she was next seen she was floating, keel up, and thus she drifted into the whirlpool.

A HEARTRENDING CRY.

A cry went up from the banks and the query rose, Is Flack under the boat. The craft never righted again. The question was only finally settled when, one hour later the boat was brought to land on the whirlpool's margin and there overturned.

Flack's sister, brother-in-law and oldest son watched the most critical part of the journey from the bluff overlooking the lower rapids and whirlpool. When it seemed evident that the boat would stay in the whirlpool and not go down the Chutes Percy stripped off his clothes, and waiting until it came near to shore, swam out, and, with the aid of two other swimmers, towed the boat in shore.

Flack was still buckled tightly to the boat. His face was black, and his body bore the marks of the pounding received from the waves. The boat entered the whirlpool at 3:05, and was rescued at 4:05.

AN INTERESTING MEMENTO.

Gen. Harrison Has the Original Manuscript of His Grandfather's Inaugural Address.

Gen. Harrison is now in receipt of the original manuscript of President William H. Harrison's inaugural address. It is a gift to Gen. Harrison from Col. Fred. Morley, of Detroit who tells a romantic story of the manner in which he came into possession of the speech. A short time after the war Col. Morley, by his personal efforts secured the release of a colored man who had been, as he thought, and as later developments proved, unjustly sentenced to a term in the penitentiary. The subject of his charity in his gratitude could think of no way of repaying his benefactor, but finally gave him this manuscript, which he valued most highly. The story of how he happened to have the paper was as follows:

When President Harrison was elected, he took George DeBaptiste, a colored boy living at North Bend, to Washington as his private attendant. On the day of his inauguration the lad stood at his elbow and held a heavy cloak while the address was being delivered. At its close the President handed him the manuscript, while he threw the cloak about his shoulders. DeBaptiste retained the paper, and as the President died within a month, it was never required of him. For 25 years he preserved it with the greatest care. Then he fell into bad times, was unfortunate and cast into prison. The rest of the story has been narrated above; and now, after 48 years, the grandson has come into possession of what will be to him a priceless memento of his illustrious grandsire.

Many utterances of that old-time address are entirely applicable to the present time. "Never, with my consent, shall an officer of the people, compensated for his services out of their pockets, become the pliant instrument of executive will," declared this upholder of the integrity of the civil service.—*Indianapolis News.*

A Domestic Outbreak.

"Ear I come," said young Sweet Corn, in a husky voice, as he stalked into a corner of the cellar and rooted around for room.

"It is enough to amaize one to behold such freshness," growled a gruff tomato, growing red in the face, but not budging an inch.

"I'm a rustler from Flat Rock," screamed Sweet Corn, waving his trusty blade.

"Shucks! You haven't a hard grain of sense," retorted his opponent.

What the result might have been is not known, as a timid young potato early rose to make room for the intruder.—*Indianapolis News.*

Don't You Know

that you cannot afford to neglect that catarrh? Don't you know that it may lead to consumption, to insanity, to death? Don't you know that it can be easily cured? Don't you know that while the thousand and one nostrums you have tried have utterly failed that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is a certain cure? It has stood the test of years, and there are hundreds of thousands of grateful men and women in all parts of the country who can testify to its efficacy. All druggists.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

A PATRIOTIC WOMAN.

An Old Lady Who Lived in the Midst of the Rebellion—Her Impressions.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—In a lonely and isolated spot in the hills of the coast range, in Sonoma county, in California, there resides one of your friends in the person of Mrs. Elizabeth Hickman. As she is an ardent admirer of the BLADE and of the late D. R. Locke, as well as a most interesting old lady, and typical American woman, a short sketch of her life, character and surroundings may not be uninteresting to your readers. Mrs. Hickman was born in Kentucky about 73 years ago, but moved to Indiana when young where she resided many years, previous to her immigration into this state, about ten years ago. In Kentucky and Indiana she was an eye witness to many of the causes that led to the civil war, and she was not a careless observer of what transpired in the stormy times that preceded it. Her early experience and training led her to take a most decided stand against slavery, and made her a radical Abolitionist in principle. She has a vivid recollection of the cause that led to the raid on Harper's Ferry and the cause that instigated the attack on Fort Sumpter, and can, from her clear and retentive memory, relate some startling accounts in relation to both, as well as some other stirring incidents of that eventful time. Her mind is remarkably clear and shows few, if any, indications of the infirmities of old age. Her mental faculties are unimpaired and her physical endurance is the wonder of all who know her. She thought of her memory renders her reminiscences of the border hostilities and civil war very accurate and reliable. She is an agile and expert walker, and is but seldom seen travelling in any other way. If distance and occasion demand it, she can ride with safety and ease on horseback; but, as a general thing, she prefers pedestrian style. It is not an unusual spectacle to see her twice a week at the postoffice, a distance of about six miles from her mountain home, and which is rather inaccessible on account of steep grades and elevated hills. She is so enthusiastic over the BLADE that distance is no obstacle in getting the weekly news. She is a most voluminous reader; there being but little in the range of English and American literature that she has not devoured. She is proud of America, her people and her institutions, and, like Barbara Frietche, would wave the Union flag before Stonewall Jackson and the whole Confederate army.

Her time is occupied in reading, in the care of her flowers and vineyard, and the society of her two sons, her grandson and their families, all of whom live on the same mountain. She is an earnest advocate of temperance, and hopes to live long enough to see this form of slavery abolished. While canvassing for the BLADE, she laid great stress upon its advocacy of temperance. Other papers she might drop, but the BLADE she intends taking as long as she lives. She is a Republican, and is in favor of equal suffrage.—JAMES MONTE, Monte, Cal.

A SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCE.

Thrice Captured and Thrice Rescued—Life at Saulsbury—Brutal Murders.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I have been a reader of the BLADE for, I can't say how long, and I think that the Boys in Blue should each and every one make it a point to have his name on its sub

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the slightest attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Population of the United States.

Enquirer, Toledo: :

In 1870 the population of the United States was 38,558,371; in 1880, 50,155,783. There has been no census taken since 1880 and there will not be another taken until 1890, so there is no accurate way of fixing the total population of to-day. The increase in population from 1840 to 1850 was 35 per cent., from 1850 to 1860, 35 per cent., from 1860 to 1870 22 per cent., and from 1870 to 1880, 30 per cent., or an average increase of a little more than 30 per cent. during each period of ten years. Should this average hold good the census of 1890 will show the total population of the United States to be about 65,182,517, but it would be surprising if the increase in the ten years now existing would be 35 per cent., making the population 67,700,-166.

The Seven Tickets.

Will the BLADE give the nominees of all the parties for President in 1888?

Republican party: President—Benjamin Harrison, Indiana. Vice-President—Levi P. Morton, of New York.

Democratic party: President—Grover Cleveland, of New York. Vice-President—Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio.

Prohibition party: President — Clinton B. Fiske, of New Jersey. Vice-President—John A. Brooks, of Missouri.

Union Labor party: President—A. J. Streeter, of Illinois. Vice-President—Charles E. Cunningham, of Arkansas.

United Labor party: President, Robert H. Cowdrey, of Illinois. Vice-President—W. H. T. Wakefield, of Kansas.

Industrial Reform party: President—Albert E. Redstone, of California. Vice-President—John Colvin, of Kansas.

Woman Suffragists: President—Belva A. Lockwood, of Washington. Vice-President—Alfred H. Love, of Pennsylvania.

To Crystalize Grasses.

Ella M., Wyandotte, Kan.:

Will the BLADE give the rules for crystalizing grasses?

Take one pound of alum pulverize and dissolve in one quart of hot water, but do not boil it; pour the solution into a deep earthen jar and let it stand on the back of the stove until it is about lukewarm. Fasten the grasses with strings to a stick and lay it across the top of the jar, having the grasses entirely submerged in the liquid. Put the jar in a cool place and do not permit the grasses to be moved for twelve hours, then take them out and let them drain. Wash the water of the solution has quite evaporated the blades of grass will be quite covered with the crystals of alum. For blue crystals add half a pound of indigo; for yellow boil a few saffron leaves in a little water and add to the mixture with the alum solution; for pink or red add some red dye. Prussian red is the best. Be sure that the grasses are quite dry before putting them into the crystalizing solution. If the first immersion does not crystalize sufficiently heat the solution and dip a second time, and so on until the result is quite satisfactory.

Benjamin Lincoln—Battle of Fort Pillow.

L. J. LeQuey:

1. Who was Lincoln, the American general in the revolution? Tell what you can about him.

2. Give in detail the battle of Fort Pillow. Give as much as space will allow.

1. Benjamin Lincoln, an American general, born in Hingham, Massachusetts, Jan. 24, 1733; died there, May 9, 1810. Until the age of 40 he was a farmer, holding at different times the offices of magistrate, representative in the provincial legislature, and colonel of militia. He was also an active member of the provincial congresses of Massachusetts, and as a militia officer rose in 1776 to the rank of major general. In June of that year he commanded the expedition which drove the British fleet from Charleston harbor or British vessels. After the American defeat on Long Island he was despatched by the council of Massachusetts to re-enforce Washington with a body of militia, and he subsequently participated in the battle of White Plains and other engagements. In the beginning of 1777 he joined Washington at Morristown with a new levy of militia, and soon after was promoted to major-general. After serving with the rank of major-general, after serving for several months in the New Jersey, he was sent to join the forces assembled to oppose the progress of Burgoyne, and during the battle of Bemis's heights commanded the left wing of the American works. On the succeeding day, while reconnoitering in the vicinity of the enemy's position, he was severely wounded, and compelled for twenty months to retire from service. In September, 1778, he was appointed to the command of the Southern army, and for several months was engaged in protecting Charleston against the demonstrations of Gen. Provost. Upon the receipt of the intelligence that a blockading force had entered the French troops and fleet in the unsuccessful assault on Savannah; and from the unwillingness of his allies to continue the siege he was obliged to return to Charleston, where, in the spring of 1780, he was besieged by a superior British force under Sir Henry Clinton. After an obstinate defence he was forced in May to capitulate, and in November returned to Massachusetts on parole. In the spring of the succeeding year he was exchanged, and immediately joined Washington on the Hudson. He participated in the siege of Yorktown, and Washington gave him the honor of receiving the sword of Cornwallis upon the surrender of the British forces. He held the office of secretary of War for three years from October, 1781, and then returned to his farm. In 1787 he commanded the forces which quelled the Shay's rebellion in Western Massachusetts, and in the same year was elected lieutenant governor of the state. Upon the establishment of the federal government he received from Washington the appointment of collector of Boston, from which office he retired about two years before his death. He was a member of the commission which in 1789 formed a treaty with the Creek Indians, and that which in 1793 unsuccessfully attempted to enter into negotiations with the Indians north of the Ohio.

Alice and Phœbe Carey—Abraham Lincoln

E. B. Pleasant, Plains, Ill.:

1. Please give a biography of Alice and Phœbe Carey.

2. "Abe" Lincoln.

1. Alice Carey, an American author, born in the Miami Valley, eight miles north of Cincinnati, O., April 26, 1820; died in New York, February 12, 1871. Her parents were people of considerable culture, but she had only the slight advantages of education afforded by a newly settled country. She began writing verses at the age of 18 years, and for the next ten years made frequent contributions in prose and verse to newspapers and magazines. She first attracted attention by some sketches of real life, published in the *National Era*, under the signature "Patty Lee." The "Poems of Alice and Phœbe Carey," of which about one-third were written by the latter, appeared in Philadelphia in 1849. In 1850 the two sisters removed to New York where they devoted themselves with industry and success to literary labor. Alice became a constant contributor to the leading literary periodicals of the country, and her articles, both in prose and poetry, were subsequently collected in volumes which were warmly welcomed both at home and abroad. She also wrote novels and poems which made their first appearance in book form. Her poems are characterized by a rare naturalness and grace, while her prose is remarkable for its realistic character and charming description of domestic life. Her last illness was protracted and attended with much suffering, but was borne with patience and cheerfulness. Alice Carey's published works, besides the volume already mentioned are: "Poems, Second Series," in two series, and "The Clovernook Children," containing sketches of western life and scenery; "Hagar, a Story of To-day;" "Lyra and other Poems;" "The Maiden of Bluefield;" "Married, not Mated;" "Pictures of Country Life;" "Lyrics and Hymns;" "The Bishop's Son;" "The Lover's Diary," and "Snow Berries, a Book for Young Folks." These works were written between the years 1848–'68. 2. Phœbe Carey, an American poetess, sister of Alice Cary, was born near Cincinnati, Sept. 4, 1824, died at Newport, R. I., July 31, 1871. She contributed frequently to periodicals, but her writings were entirely poems, very different in style from those of her sister, being more buoyant in tone and more independent in manner. One of her earliest poems, "Near Home," written in 1842, attracted very general attention. Her household duties while living in New York left her sister comparatively little time for literary labor. Her published works, besides the contributions to the volume issued in conjunction with her sister, were "Poems and Parodies;" "Poems of Faith, Hope, and Love;" and a large portion of the "Hymns for all Christians," compiled by the Rev. Dr. Deans in 1869. She wrote a very beautiful and touching tribute to her sister's memory, which was published in the *Lady's Repository*, a few days before her own death. Phœbe Carey's works were published between the years 1842 and 1871. Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth president of the United States, was born in Kentucky, Feb. 12, 1809. His father, a poor farmer, removed from Kentucky to Indiana in 1816. In the sparse settlements of the great west, opportunities for education were extremely limited, young Lincoln received less than one year's schooling, in which he learned reading, arithmetic, and through the assistance of a neighbor, writing. His earnest desire for knowledge led him to improve every opportunity for study. During the day he was employed in the severe duties of western farming, and at night, by the light of a huge log fire, he read such books as could be borrowed in the neighborhood. At the age of 18, his library consisted of six books. Twice before the age of 21, he descended the Mississippi in charge of a flatboat, the usual means at that time, of intercourse between the great west and New Orleans. In 1830 the family removed to Illinois, and soon after Lincoln left his parents to begin life for himself. He first became a clerk in a store, and afterwards studied law, supporting himself meanwhile by land surveying. In 1834 he was elected to the state legislature, and was three times re-elected. In 1836 he was admitted to practice law, and soon after removed to Springfield, the state capital. In 1844 he canvassed the state for Mr. Clay, then nominated for President. Mr. Clay was defeated, but the popularity gained by Lincoln in the canvass secured his own election to Congress in 1846, where he voted against the extension of slavery. In 1858 he canvassed the state as a candidate for United States Senator against Mr. Douglass, but without success. In 1860 he was nominated for the Presidency by the Chicago convention. The non-extension of slavery into the territories, or new states to be formed from them, was the most important principle of his party. Mr. Lincoln received the vote of all but one of the free states, while in most of the Southern states no Republican ticket was admitted. He was inaugurated President March 4, 1861. It is believed that Mr. Lincoln desired to conciliate the South; but the Southern Democrats prevented such a course, and after the fall of Fort Sumter vigorous measures were taken to subjugate the revolted states. On the 1st of January, 1863, he proclaimed the freedom of all slaves in the states in rebellion, except in certain parts then under military jurisdiction, and was re-elected to the Presidency in November, 1864. On April 2, 1865, the war of the rebellion was brought to a close, but the joy of the nation was changed to bitter mourning by the death of President Lincoln, who was cut off in the very hour of triumph by the hand of an assassin, on the 15th of April, 1865.

William Cullen Bryant.

C. H. D., Corning, O.:

Please give a biography of William Cullen Bryant?

William Cullen Bryant, an American poet, born at Cummington, Hampshire county, Mass., November 3, 1794; died at New York, June 12, 1878. His father, Peter Bryant, was a physician, who traveled considerably and devoted much time to mental culture. He took unusual interest in the intellectual and moral development of his children, and was rewarded in the case of all of them, particularly that of William, with early evidence of their proficiency. The poet, in a beautiful "Hymn to Death," alludes feelingly to him in the lines beginning:

For he is in his grave, who taught by youth
The art of verse, and in the bud of life
Offered me to the muses,

which was no poetic exaggeration, but a literal truth. There are few instances of precocity more remarkable than that of Bryant. He communicated lines to the county gazette before he was ten years of age, and at his fourteenth year his friends caused to be printed two considerable poems, "The Embargo," a political satire, and "The Spanish Revolution." These passed to a second edition, and a third (1809), and in the preface to that edition it was found necessary to certify the production of them by a person so young, in order to remove the skepticism of the public. In his nineteenth year he wrote "Thanatopsis," which still holds its place in general estimation as one of the most impressive poems in the language. He had, in 1810, entered Williams college, where he was soon distinguished for his attainments in language and polite literature. At the end of two years he took an honorable dismission, and engaged in the study of law; admitted to the bar in 1815, he commenced practice in Plainfield, and later removed to Great Barrington. He speedily rose to a high rank in the local and state courts, but his tastes inclined him rather to letters than to law. In 1817 his poem "Thanatopsis" was published in the *North American Review*, and introduced him to the acquaintance of Mr. Richard H. Dana, who was one of the club which then conducted the *Review*. He contributed also several prose articles to that periodical. In 1821 he delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa society, at Harvard college, a didactic poem on "The Ages;" and in that year several of his poems were collected in a volume at Cambridge, and obtained for him immediate recognition as a writer of high merit. He removed to New York in 1825, and was engaged as an editor of the *New York Review*; he soon after engaged in the *United States Review*, to which he contributed several criticisms and poems. In 1826 he connected himself with the *Evening Post* newspaper, under the editorial control of William Coleman. At that time it was inclined to federation, and Mr. Bryant sought to give it more and more a republican character. When he acquired an exclusive control of its columns, a few years later, he rendered it decidedly "democratic," taking ground in favor of freedom of trade and against all partial or class legislation. From 1827 to 1830 Mr. Bryant was associated with Robert C. Sands and Julian C. Verplank in the editorship of the *Talisman*, a highly successful annual; and he contributed about the same time the tales of "Medfield" and "The Skeleton's Cave" to a book entitled "Tales of the Glauber Spa." In 1832 a complete edition of his poems was published in New York, and a copy of it reaching Washington Irving in England, he caused it to be printed there, with a laudatory preface. It was most generously reviewed by John Wilson, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and from that time Mr. Bryant's reputation in Europe has stood as high as it does in his own country. Having associated William Leggett with himself in the management of the *Evening Post*, he sailed with his family to Europe in the spring of 1834, and traveled through France, Italy and Germany, enlarging his knowledge of the languages and literatures of the leading nations. His poems bear witness to his familiarity with the Spanish, Italian, French, and German languages, which he continued to cultivate. After returning to his native country, and resuming his professional labors for some years, he went again to Europe in 1845. In 1849 he made a third visit, and extended his journey into Egypt and Syria. The letters written to his journal during these wanderings were published in a book called "Letters of a Traveler," soon after his last return. But in the intervals of these foreign journeys he had by no means neglected his own country, and the same volume contains evidences of his sojourns in nearly all parts of the United States, from Maine to Florida, and of a trip also to the island of Cuba. About 1845 he purchased "an old time mansion," embowered in vines and flowers, near the village of Roslyn, on Long Island, which he made his summer residence. In 1857 and 1858 he made another journey to Europe, and his letters to the *Evening Post* were collected under the title of "Letters from Spain and Other Countries." A new and complete edition of his poems was published in 1855, and in 1863 a small volume of new poems appeared under the title of "Thirty Poems. In 1864, on the completion of his 70th year, his birthday was celebrated by a festival at the Century club, nearly all the prominent literary men in the country being present, or sending complimentary letters, which, with the proceedings, were published in a volume. He was for several years engaged in the translation of Homer into English blank verse. The "Iliad" appeared in 1870, and the "Odyssey" in 1871, and both were almost universally commended as the best English versions of the great epics. Mr. Bryant was frequently called upon to pay public tributes to the memory of eminent Americans. On the death of the artist Thomas Cole, in 1848, he pronounced a funeral oration; in 1852 he delivered a discourse on the life and writings of James Fenimore Cooper, and in 1860 he paid a similar tribute to his friend Washington Irving; he made an address on the life and services of S. F. B. Morse and on the occasion of the dedication of his statue in Central Park, New York, in 1871; addresses on Shakespeare and Scott on similar occasions in 1872, and one on Mazzini in 1873, a fall on his return from New Zealand, and the death, Of Bryant's various writings in prose it has been said that they contain "no superfluous word, no empty or showy phrase," but are marked throughout by "pure, manly, straightforward and vigorous English." His poems are characterized by extreme purity and elegance in the choice of words, a compact and vigorous diction, great delicacy of fancy, the elevation of thought and a genial yet solemn and religious philosophy. As a minute observer of nature he was almost without a rival among poets. [Your other questions will be answered soon.]

Coins of the World—Their Value in United States Money.

A. J., Topeka, Kan.; J. M. C., Oskosh, Wis.:

Will the Question Bureau give the coins of the various countries and their value in American money? Give as many as space will permit.

The following is a correct list of the coins of the world, reduced in value to United States money:

Argentine Republic—Gold coins: 20 peso piece, $19.94; 10 pesos, $9.97; 5 pesos, $4.98. Silver: 1 peso, 99 cents. The copper coin of the country is the centisimo, 100 of which make a peso or dollar.

Austria—Gold coins: 8 gulden piece, $3.86; 4 gulden, $1.93. Silver: 1 florin or Maria Theresa thaler, $1.02; 2 gulden, 96 cents; 1 gulden, 48 cents; ¼ gulden, 12 cents; 20 kreutzer, 10 cents; 10 kreutzer, 5 cents. Of the small copper coin current, known as the kreutzer, 100 make a gulden.

Belgium belongs to the Latin Union and uses French coinage.

Brazil—Gold coins: 20 milreï piece, $10.91; 10 milreis, 5.46; 5 milreis, $2.73; 2 milreis, $1.09; 1 milreï, 55 cents; ½ milreï, 27 cents. The Portugese rei is used for copper money, worth about ⅛ of a cent.

Chili—Gold coins: 10 pesos (or 1 condor), $9.10; 5 pesos, $4.55; 2 pesos, $1.82. Silver: 1 peso, 91 cents; 50 centavos, 45 cents; 20 centados, 18 cents; 10 centavos, 9 cents; 5 centavos, 4 cents. The copper coin is 1 centavo, 100 of which are a peso.

Columbia—Gold coins: 20 peso piece, $19.30; 10 pesos, $9.65; 5 pesos, $4.82; 2 pesos, $1.93. Silver: 1 peso, 96 cents; 20 centavos, 19 cents; 10 centavos, 10 cents; 5 centavos, 5 cents. The centavo of Columbia is identical in with our cent. (The currency of Columbia is also used in Venezuela.)

Denmark—Gold coins: Twenty kroner piece, $5.36; 10 kroner, $2.68. Silver: Two kroner, 53 cents; 1 krone, 27 cents; 50 øre, 14 cents; 40 øre, 10 cents; 25 øre, 6½ cents; 10 øre, 2½ cents. One hundred of the copper øre make one krone.

France—Gold coins: One hundred franc piece, $19.30; 50 francs, $9.65; 20 francs, $3.85; 10 francs, $1.93; 5 francs, 96 cents. Silver: Five francs, 96 cents; 2 francs, 38 cents; 1 franc, 19 cents; 50 centimes, 10 cents; 20 centimes, 4 cents. The copper coins are the sou, worth about 9½ mills, and the centime, 2 mills.

Germany—Gold coins: Twenty mark piece, $4.76; 20 marks, $2.38; 5 marks, $1.19. Silver: Five marks, $1.19; 2 marks, 48 cents; 1 mark, 24 cents; 50 pfennige, 12 cents; 20 pfennige, 5 cents. One hundred copper pfennige make one mark.

Great Britain—Gold coins: Pound or sovereign, $4.86; guinea, $5.12. Silver: Five shillings or crown, $1.25; half crown, 62½ cents; shilling 25 cents; sixpence, 12½ cents. The copper coins of Great Britain are the two-penny piece, penny, and half-penny.

India—Gold coins: Mohur, 2 rupees or double mohur, $14.58; 15 rupees or mohur, $7.29; 10 rupees, $4.86; 5 rupees, $2.43. Silver: One rupee, 48 cents, and coins respectively ¢ of the value of lone half, one-fourth, and one-eighth rupee. In copper there is the pie, one-fourth of a cent; the pice, three-fourths of a cent; the ana, 3 cents.

Japan—Gold coins: Twenty yen, $19.94; 10 yen, $9.97; 5 yen, $4.98; 2 yen, $1.99; 1 yen, 99 cents. Silver: The 50, 20, 10 and 5 sen pieces, answering respectively to 50, 20, 10 and 5 cents. In copper there is the sen, answering to 1 cent.

Mexico—Gold coins: Sixteen dollar piece, $15.74; 8 dollars, $7.87; 4 dollars, $3.93; 21 dollars, $1.96; 1 dollar, 98 cents. Silver: dollar, 98 cents; 50-cent piece, 49 cents; 25 cents, 24 cents. The Mexican cent, like our own, equals one-hundredth of a dollar.

Netherlands—Gold coins: Ten-guilder piece, $4.02; 5 guilders, $2.01. Silver: 2½ guilders, $1; 1 guilder, 40 cents; half-guilder, 20 cents; 25 cents, 10 cents; 10 cents, 4 cents; 5 cents, 2 cents. The Dutch copper cent is one-hundreth of the guilder.

Peru—Gold coins: Twenty-sol piece, $19.30; 10 sol, $9.65; 5 sol, $4.82; 2 sol, $1.93; 1 sol, 96 cents. Silver: 1 sol, 96 cents; 50 centisimos, 48 cents; 20, 10, and 5 centisimos worth respectively 19, 10 and 5 cents. It will be noted that the Peruvian coinage is almost identical with that of Columbia. It is also used in Bolivia.

Portugal—Gold coins: Crowns, $10.80; half-crown, $5.40; one-fifth crown, $2.16; one-tenth crown, $1.08. Thomas pieces are also struck respectively as 10, 5, 2 and 1 dollar pieces. The silver coins are the 500, 200, 100 and 5 reis coins, worth respectively 54, 21, 11, and 5 cents. One thousand reis are equal to one crown.

Russia—Gold coins: Imperial or 10-ruble piece, $7.72; 5 rubles, $3.86; 3 rubles, $2.31. Silver: 1 Ruble, 77 cents; half-ruble, 38 cents; 20-copeck piece, 15 cents; 10 copecks, 8 cents; 5 copecks, 4 cents; 3 copecks, 2 cents; 1 copeck are worth 1 ruble.

Turkey—Gold coins: Lira or medjidie, $4.40; half-lire, $2.20. The lira, or 100 piastres, is the silver unit is the piastre, worth 4 cents of our currency, and silver coins of 1, 2, 5, 10 and 20 piastres are current.

The currency of Denmark is also in use in Norway and Sweden, these three states forming the Scandinavian Union. Belgium, France, Greece, Italy, Roumania, Servia, Spain and Switzerland are united in the Latin Union, and use the French coinage. The units in the different states are, however, known by different names; as in France, Belgium and Switzerland, franc and centime; in Italy, lira and centesimo; in Greece, drachm and lepta; in Roumania, lei and bani; in Servia, dinar and para; in Spain, peseta and centesimo; but in all cases the value is the same.

The similarity in the coinage of different countries is worth notice. A very slight change in the percentage of fine metal would make the half-guilder of Austria, the krone of the Scandinavian Union, the franc of the Latin Union, the mark of Germany, the half-guilder of Holland, the peseta of Spain, the 2½ reis piece of Portugal, the 5-piastre piece of Turkey, the half-milreis of Brazil, and the half-rupee of India, all interchangeable with the English shilling, and all of them about the value of the quarter-dollar, or 25 cents of the American coinage. With the exception of Brazil, the other South American states, as well as Mexico and the Central American countries, are all using a decimal system of uniform coinage, which the needs of commerce will unquestionably soon harmonize with that of the United States. Curiously enough, the great force that is assimilating the alien branches of the human race is not Christianity but trade.

Miscellaneous.

O. P. B., Ada.: We do not know the address of the man.

A. B., Paulding; There is no such exchange that we know of.

Adam—No full name nor address accompanies your question, and hence no answer.

J. M. C., Goshen, Ind.: The Question Bureau cannot answer questions regarding the liability of firms.

J. W. Smith, Clarksburg, W. Va.: Tariff questions are being answered each week editorily through the BLADE.

Ellen ——: No addresses of firms selling goods are given in this Bureau; you will have to consult the advertising columns.

A. J. Stone, ——: We cannot reproduce matter so recently printed in these columns. It would be an injustice to subscribers.

N. M. H., East Lynne, Mo.:

Have the Democrats had control of the Senate since the war? If so, when?

No.

W. J. Carter, Gardner, Kas.:

Is Bismarck a temperance man? Is he interested in any distilleries in Germany?

No, not that we know of.

J. M. Johns, ——, Ind.: Please do not ask for an answer by mail; it cannot be given. The purpose of the Bureau would be entirely destroyed if such a course would be desired.

Who? ——, Marquette:

Please say if you can, what is the capital of Arizona Territory. Some geographies say Prescott, some Tucson?

Prescott.

E. M. H., Bayard, Kas.: Short hand books can be purchased of any book store advertising in the BLADE, but little or no success is attained by persons trying to learn to be stenographers without teachers.

Alexander J. Mason, ——: It would be impossible to answer your question. The Democratic convention was officially reported in the news columns of the BLADE at the time, and cannot be repeated.

R. Chambers, Wildemar, Cal.:

1. Who represents the U. S. in the Argentine Republic? Would he be the proper one to write to to inquire about the industries, wages, etc. of that country?

1. Bayliss W. Hanna. 2 He would.

A. L. M., Forestville, N. Y.:

Will you please answer the following question in the Question Bureau: What is the present capital of Bolivia?

The seat of government was formerly at La Paz but is now at Sucre, or Chuquisaca.

S. Howard, Poplar Bluff, Mo.:

Please inform me who are our American ministers in England and Germany and their addresses so I can write to them.

England—Edward J. Phelps, London; Germany—George H. Pendleton, Berlin.

F. E. F., Iowa City, Ia.:

Will you please inform me of the exact date of the birth and death of Christopher Columbus, and oblige a constant reader.

He was born in Genoa, Italy, about 1456, and died in Valladolid, Spain, 1506.

J. R. Mc., Missouria Valley, Ia.:

Will you please tell me through your paper if any of the Democratic office-holders are assessed for campaign purposes, and oblige a subscriber.

Yes, all of them are in one way or another.

H. W. Bradley, Jr.:

1. Please explain the cause of the humming noise frequently heard when near telephone poles.

2. What is the secret of the fifteen puzzle?

1. The wind blowing across the wires.

2. There is no secret; it is a matter of endurance and patience and can be worked.

"I am weary of living," moaned poor Mrs. Black.
"For I'm fairly worn out with the ache in my back;
My nerves are a chain
Of weakness and pain,
And my poor head is aching as if it would crack."
"Now don't be discouraged," cries good Mrs. White,
"It is never so dark but there's promise of light;
I can tell you in brief,
What will give you relief—
Pierce's Favorite Prescription will soon set you right.

It is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weakness and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case or money refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper. Large bottle (100 doses) $1. Six for $5.

Beauty

Is desired and admired by all. Among the things which may best be done to enhance personal beauty is the daily use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. No matter what the color of the hair, this preparation gives it a lustre and pliancy that adds greatly to its charm. Should the hair be thin, harsh, dry, or turning gray,

Ayer's Hair Vigor will restore the color, bring out a new growth, and render the old soft and shiny. For keeping the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, there is no better preparation in the market.

"I am free to confess that a trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor has convinced me that it is a genuine article. Its use has not only caused the hair of my wife and daughter to be

Abundant and Glossy,

but it has given my rather stunted mustache a respectable length and appearance."—R. Britton, Oakland, Ohio.

"My hair was coming out (without any assistance from my wife, either). I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor, using only one bottle, and I now have as fine a head of hair as any one could wish for."—R. T. Schmittou, Dickson, Tenn.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor in my family for a number of years, and regard it as the best hair preparation I know of. It keeps the scalp clean, the hair soft and lively, and preserves the original color. My wife has used it for a long time with most satisfactory results."—Benjamin M. Johnson, M. D., Thomas Hill, Mo.

"My hair was becoming harsh and dry, but after using half a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor it grew black and glossy. I cannot express the joy and gratitude I feel."—Mabel C. Hardy, Delavan, Ill.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

THE SUMMER HATS.

WHIMS FOR THE HOT SEASON

Some Chat Upon Colors of Dress Goods for the Midsummer Days—The Latest Agony in Gloves is a Contrast, Not a Match.

NEW YORK, July 5.—(Special letter.)—With the midsummer sun pouring its scorching rays upon us, the hot weather hat is naturally the first thing one has to write about. It is just now a thing of grasses and leaves, or of muslin and blue ribbons. Possibly it is a rush hat, not unlikely it is a flower hat, maybe it is a hat of lace or mull. In any case beware. It may turn up behind, it may turn up at the sides, it may be flat or it may be tall as a steeple. Still, take care. It flutters with ribbons, it is bright with posies, it is the surest heart-ensnarer that milliners have yet invented.

The leaf hats are very new and take with the July girls. They are Paris-made and composed of genuine oak leaves that have been treated in some way to make them retain their color and gain in strength and pliability. The leaf is bent upon itself and its stem thrust through the blade, then a second is joined to it and long wreaths are made, just after the childish fashion, to be sewn together in rustic headwear and worn upon the heads of rustic city girls. They cost some $5 or $8 and make very realistic coronals for picnics and such like half-ceremonious vacation expeditions.

The grass hat is almost as new and quite as witching as its cousin of the leaf, and, like it, is a green thatch for the roof of the pretty girl. These are green grasses and brown grasses that are bound into bundles and tied with knots of more grasses to make picturesque attire. The meadow grass hat is as fetching as any with scattered meadow flowers woven in with the rest and thrusting up their heads from the braids here and there. Blue-eyed grass and yellow grass make odd little hats that take no trimming but a long streamer of ribbons. The foliage hats with their green banners flying make the streets fairly verdant with their cool summerish hues.

A JULY STYLE.

But it is not always leaves, it is quite as often flowers with which the wood nymph crowns her locks, a hat of myrtle vines twisted together and covered with blue myrtle blossoms, say. Or a mass of mignonette nodding about the face if you happen to fancy such a thing. Or a long spray of wild roses passing twice about the hair and then falling down on the shoulders. Truly the world of women is all abloom. Or what say you to a morning glory vine, making a small close cap, then twined about the neck and hanging behind?

These are the idyllic summer hats for the veranda variety of girl. There is also the rough and ready prettiness that is wanted by the more active species. Felt hats for coaching, for boating, for mountaineering, are popular this year. Sailor felts of such felts or big Gainsborough felts come in white, or cream, or delicate gray, or dark blue shades with bands of contrasting ribbon and sometimes, not often, a gull's wing or a flower. Tennis hats in striped flannel are another jaunty notion of the season.

And now a word as to dress colors. Heliotrope is still quite popular. It is preferred to all other delicate shades for public promenading. Pale gray is also favored; indeed, all shades of gray are in good demand. Old time ashes of roses and similar shades of pinkish drab are worn for dress and semi-dress occasions. Ecru and wood colors, tan, light browns, and all medium cool and grayish tones are preferred to those that are more pronounced. Many inquiries have been made about the shades called Gobelin that it may be as well to state that they comprehend all dull, faded tints.

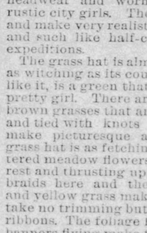
Gobelin is not necessarily blue any more than Suede is necessarily tan color, although some authorities appear to have in some way confused all this color. What are known as Gobelin shades are taken from old tapestry of that name, and may designate either red, green, gray or blue, or, indeed, any of the tints of that material. They are exceptionally beautiful and soft, having the faded, mellow, blended appearance that is to a great extent the sign of value in these tapestries. Suede is by courtesy undressed kid color, which may be any shade from white to black. The folly, therefore, of so designating colors must be evident to every person of intelligence.

Black is as usual prominent, especially in out of door dresses. Indeed, it is highly probable that it will be the most approved of all colors for street wear for a long time to come. The best taste commends it, and the best dressed ladies wear it. White seems to be more in favor than ever. It was said that white had reached the height of its popularity some seasons ago, but the present enormous demand for everything white has surprised even its most enthusiastic advocates. For all ages, complexions and occasions white seems to be one of the leading favorites and for young ladies and misses' dressy and semi-dress wear it is preferred to all other colors.

For dressy gowns are rich silk passementerie yokes and cuffs to be laid over a gay colored silk. One matching the passementerie in effective and novel toilet lately displayed was made of gold and olive green shot silk, with a deep pointed yoke standing collar, cuffs and a pointed girdle with pendants which held the plaits of the bodice at the waist. All these silk cord decorations were made in close imitation of chain armor. The ornaments, though mixed with gold and olive beads, were not as heavy as might be supposed, but dainty and comparatively light, and harmonizing perfectly with the rich shades in the changeable silk.

Chaudron, terra cotta, biscuit, dark blue and reseda, with large patterns running over them, and also white and gray, are the fashionable colors in foulards. Some of the white embroidered caubric gowns and fancy figured cream soft silks are so lavishly trimmed with delicate, deep lace that they are most beautiful to look at.

The glove now contrasts with the toilet rather than matches the gown, and the colors imported in kid and silk hand wear are those which will serve this purpose. Pure silk gloves are shown with plain or embroidered backs in six button length, in black, tan color, mode, French gray and tints of grayish Gobelin blue. These gloves are imported exclusively in jersey style, with closed tops. Taffeta silk gloves are shown in the same colors, with stitched and plain backs. Taffeta, it should be remembered, is a term used in hosiery and gloves, though nowhere else in dry goods, to mean a mixture of silk with some other substance.



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THE LADY AND THE LAWYERS.

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge is Perplexed.

When the case of O'Carrall vs. Shee was called in the Lord Chief Justice's court recently a lady in black sprang to her feet and began a harangue which ran at first mystifying, then richly amusing. Her name was Mrs. O'Carrall, and the case was a chancery case. She was short, plump, under middle age and had light brown hair which wandered down her back in several curls. She had a silver brooch, a high black hat and still higher voice. She began:

"I do not know whether or not you are Lord Chief Justice of England, and I do not know whether the Lord Chief Justice has really any jurisdiction as judge in this matter, but I am conducting my own case, and my legal rights have been withheld since 1885. I wish to call the court's attention to the fact the solicitor for the defendant in this case is also bondsman for the defendant. It is not an ordinary case; it is a very extraordinary case, and I am afraid this lawsuit will degenerate into a game of piracy."

The lady was excited and breathless. Her eyes flashed indignation as she spoke, and the justices gazed over their spectacles in undisguised astonishment.

The Lord Chief Justice (peering about the court)—What is this case?

A barrister on the left arose and said that he appeared for the defense, but had been unable to discover what point the other side was trying to establish.

Mrs. O'Carrall—I object to the solicitor of the defendant acting as his bondsman.

The Lord Chief Justice—But that is no objection under the law of England.

Mrs. O'Carrall—This is a very extraordinary case, my Lord.

The Lord Chief Justice—Nevertheless, we must decide in the ordinary manner.

Mrs. O'Carrall—How can a general in the field be a colonel and major and captain all at once?

The Lord Chief Justice—I——

Mrs. O'Carrall—I went to Birmingham to serve a notice myself, and they locked me up for an hour and a half. They have written me a good many letters to get me to answer them and produce my letters in court, but I never scribbie—I never scribble.

The Lord Chief Justice—Nothing could be wiser.

Mrs. O'Carrall—It's very difficult to carry on a case yourself.

Her tone was becoming so confidential that the smiles of the spectators became more and more audible at each remark.

The Lord Chief Justice—On the contrary, you have an enormous advantage. If you had been represented by counsel he would have been stopped long ago.

Mrs. O'Carrall—But you will forgive, my Lord?

This was too much for the Queen's Bench. His lordship blushed deeply and laughed heartily.

"I forgive you, I forgive you," he said hastily. Then he simply waved his hand in deprecation, and said: "Now! now!" as the barrister tried to fix the costs on the lady, murmuring, with judicial benevolence, "Costs in the suit."—*London paper.*

TRUE TO HER TRUST.

A Broker's Wife Clings to the Bonds Put Aside for a Rainy Day.

The tale of a Boston man and the money he settled on his wife is rather interesting. It is suggestive, and possesses the quaint, which to small minds seems to add to the value of my narrative—it is true. Mr. M., a Boston broker who indulges in speculations, and as a consequence is of uneven fortunes, on one occasion came to his wife and said:

"Here is $50,000 in bonds. There are ups and downs to my business, and I want you to have something to fall back upon if anything happens. Now, you are to draw the interest on this and you may spend it or save it, just as you choose; only don't give it to me. If I come to you and ask for it, no matter what I say, don't you let me have it. You just hang on to it for yourself and children, and don't let me speculate with it."

The wife with proper gratitude, took the bonds and for a time nothing more was said about them. Mr. M. in time had a run of bad luck, and just at the time when he was on the edge of financial ruin a speculation a friend, who was on the inside, gave him a "straight tip" by which he could make a brilliant investment. Casting about for funds which he might embark in a speculation which promised so well, Mr. M. remembered his wife's $50,000, and requested the loan of them for a short time that he might deposit them as collateral security. His request was met with a quiet refusal. At first he thought his wife was jesting, but he soon found that she was in serious earnest. He represented the unusual advantages of the scheme in which he wished to embark; he talked of the sum of the enormous returns promised by the investment.

"But you told me when you gave me those bonds," Mrs. M. replied, "that I was not to let you have them, no matter what you said. You warned me against this sort of thing."

Mr. M

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 1888.

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Circulation Last Week, 113,000.

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For President,
BENJAMIN HARRISON,
Of Indiana.

For Vice President,
LEVI P. MORTON,
Of New York.

THE BLADE is the only political weekly newspaper of the United States of national circulation—it reaching every state and territory—a thing which can be said of no other Republican paper. The coming Presidential campaign will be of intense interest, because it will hinge on the Tariff issue. The BLADE stands squarely for the economic policy which has, in the period since the close of the war, quadrupled the wealth of FOR THE the nation, rendered us industrially independent of all other people, enormously extended the home markets for our farmers, thus fostering the enormous extension of our agriculture and largely increasing the absolute value of the farms of the nation, against the suicidal policy favored by President CLEVELAND in his annual message and formulated in the Mills free CAMPAIGN! trade bill now before Congress. The BLADE will not only heartily support the nominee of the Chicago convention, but will make a special feature of the great issue on which the campaign will turn. To this end, we shall begin, on next week, the publication of a "TARIFF PRIMER," which will explain the matter of Protection vs. Free Trade in a manner SEND FOR so plain that the young voter need not err. We shall aim to make the BLADE a great Political Educator for the people. Hence every Republican should endeavor to place it, for the campaign, in the hands of every voter in his town or township or school district. Send for our campaign terms. We will furnish it so CAMPAIGN that campaign subscribers will obtain it at the lowest rate ever given by a first-class newspaper. We want an agent at every Postoffice in this country, who will work to give us a grand campaign list. We had 200,000 names on our list during the battle of 1884, and we want 300,000 this year. Our terms to agents for this purpose are so liberal that they will have TERMS. no difficulty in obtaining clubs of 100 or more in a single day. Send us lists of names of persons to whom we may send specimen copies. Write NOW for agents' campaign terms. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

EXAMPLE AS A FACTOR IN EXTENDING THE DRINK HABIT.

There is no force more potent for either good or evil in this world than the example of others. The child looks up to his father with a blind infantile belief in his absolute perfection that is the common trait of childhood, and copies his acts and words, proud that he can do so. The unconscious influence thus exerted on the plastic mind is tremendous, and happy is the little one whose parental exemplar is one worthy of this reverential admiration and imitation! Example is stronger than precept. The effect of volumes of wordy warning against Rum is swept from a boy's mind in an instant if he sees his father enter a saloon, or detects the foul odor of Rum upon that parent's breath. No man who wishes to save his children from the peril of drink must himself set the example of total abstinence. His personal example is ten times more powerful than any words of warning he may utter.

Nor does this habit of looking up to elders or superiors as unconscious models for imitation cease with early childhood. The boy is ambitious to be a man, and he is prone to copy the example set him. Many a youth has been led into the habit of drinking through noting his employer, or his older fellow-clerks or fellow-workmen indulging in it. Thousands of men have made shipwreck of their lives through the potent but unconscious teaching by example of their elders, or those with whom they are daily thrown in contact. It does not matter what men may preach; what they actually do is far more powerful in molding the habits and conduct of those within their range of personal influence.

Every one knows the despotic influence of fashion upon its votaries, not only in the matter of dress, but in social habits of every kind. One of the great obstacles to the temperance reform is the fashionable custom of having wine at dinner, and on various other occasions. And it is a startling commentary on the despotism of fashion that this drunkard-making custom is maintained through the influence of a very few persons. So long as the recognized leaders of society adhere to it, their ten thousand imitators in the social world feel themselves compelled to follow. The few command, the rest obey—not because they desire it, but simply that they may be "in style." It is a striking example of the imitative bent of the human mind. We are like sheep—we follow our leader, even though that following involve a perilous leap, and death upon the jagged rocks in the yawning gulf below.

When all these things are carefully considered, is it not clear that it is the absolute duty of every one who possesses the slightest influence over his fellows—and who does not?—to abstain entirely from indulgence in intoxicants, if he sincerely desires to save others? Every parent who wishes his sons kept from harm through this ruinous vice, every employer who has an office, a store, a shop or a factory full of men, owes it to them to avoid any indulgence in drink. Let Rum alone. As SAM JONES once said, "Liquor is a good thing in its place, but its only place is in hell." Give to your sons, to your employers, the force of your example as well as of your voice to keep it in that place. Rum's place is in hell, and not only that, but it is a part of hell itself. Wherever it goes on this earth it takes hell along with it. If it enters your life, it makes that life a hell. If it enters your family circle, it creates there a hell for some one or more of your loved ones. If you drink it, it creates in your system a raging, burning, unquenchable thirst for more, which can only be likened to the eternal fires of hell.

The example of a father may bring hell into the lives of his children, and the lives of their descendants, for generations. The drink habit in an older workman may draw down to the pit the footsteps of dozens of his younger fellow-workmen. The genteel tippling of the merchant or employer is fraught with untold peril to his clerks or employes. The sparkling wine upon the table of one of society's queens may work untold evil upon the guests who share her hospitality. Anything which leads the young to look upon Rum in any form as a thing to be indulged in is big with the potency of evil; for once let a man's system get habituated to Rum,—let the horrible thirst once get fastened upon him—and his life is wrecked, no matter how fair its promise.

The assertion may seem strange to many, but it is nevertheless true, that a large portion of mankind is yet without any distinct opinions upon the question of Rum. They are not awake to the vast possibilities of evil that lie in even occasional indulgence in any form of this seductive poison. The people of America may be divided as to their views upon the subject into three general classes: First, those whose eyes are opened to the terrible nature of Rum, to the danger of even the most moderate drinking and to the train of unnumbered woes which follow in the wake of the drink habit; second, those who are interested in the Rum traffic, either as makers or sellers, and those who have been brought up in the erroneous belief that harmless drinking is possible; third, and by far the greater number, those who have paid no particular attention to the subject, who are ignorant of the real nature of alcohol and its physiological effects upon the human system, and who, hence, have no well-defined opinion upon the subject. It is a matter of congratulation that the first class enumerated above is growing; and we are full of hope that the time is coming speedily when the members of the third class will be enlightened as to those matters concerning Rum of which they are ignorant, and will heartily join the ranks of those laboring to remove the Rum curse from our land.

The speedy accomplishment of this much-to-be-desired result will be much aided if parents and all others in a position to influence the conduct of the young will waken to the gravity of the moral obligations resting upon them in this regard. Not only the voice but the practical example is needed. It is not a question of fashion, of habit, of fancy; it is a matter "of blood, of death, of hell," to again quote SAM JONES. The time has come when a very large number of people feel that a mighty effort should be undertaken for the extermination of the Rum Power and the destruction of the Rum traffic. Parents have grown impatient at seeing their sons, dear as the apple of the eye, encompassed on every side by danger from the devil of Rum, as they go forth, in the glorious confidence and headstrong rashness of youth, to do battle with the world. Wives and mothers are weary of seeing husbands turned into drunkards, their sons debauched and ruined by this fearful vice. The times are growing ripe for the extinction of this monster evil. The opinion is spreading that Rum is not worth what it costs the world, and that it must go. Each day brings nearer the inevitable end—the glorious day when the people of the nation shall rise in their might and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

Every subscriber is asked to aid in extending the campaign subscriptions to the BLADE. Ask your neighbors to subscribe. Send for agents' campaign terms.

INDIANA POLITICS.

In 1884 the Cleveland electoral ticket had 6,512 majority in Indiana. Two years later, in 1886, Senator HARRISON'S term was nearing its close, and he was a candidate for re-election to the United States Senate. This question was a leading one in the canvass for members of the state legislature, which was to choose a Senator. The state of Indiana gave 3,324 majority on the popular vote for the Republican ticket, and the Republicans elected a majority of ten members in the state House of Representatives.

But a new state Senate was not to be elected entire. Sixteen out of the thirty-one senators held over, and the larger number of these were Democrats, elected in 1884. Of the fifteen new senators chosen, the Republicans elected enough to come within two votes of having a majority of both houses of the legislature on joint ballot, and thus re-electing HARRISON.

The Democratic majority of two in joint ballot was clearly the result of fraud. The hot contest in the legislature, and the choice of DAVID TURPIE as senator by methods worse than questionable on the part of the Democrats, are well remembered by all. The Republicans, had they resorted to similar methods, might have reversed this result; but they honorably preferred to adhere to honesty and integrity, certain that the people of the state will avenge the insult done to a free ballot at the election this fall.

WAGES in this country average double what they are in any other country in the world. The Democratic policy which CLEVELAND is attempting to force on the country means that they shall be reduced to the European standard, if it means anything. The specious plea that the "necessaries of life" are unduly dear in this country is a falsehood, for blankets, clothing for all ages and both sexes, and household necessities of all kinds are cheaper now than they have ever been in this country, and as cheap in most cases as they can be bought in free trade countries. Where is the utility of cutting wages down here, and giving the workman only half as much money to buy goods that will cost but little less than they do now?

Do the Northern men, whose capital is now invested in railroads, mines, lands and factories in the South, desire to have their property placed at the mercy of those whom Republican success would assist to local place and power in the Southern states?—*Fort Worth, Texas, Gazette.*

You dodge the issue. If your voting population is unfit to use the ballot, restrict the suffrage by proper, honest, open legislation, and take the representation in Congress to which your restricted voting population entitles you; but do not illegally restrict the ballot and grasp more than your honest share of national power by skulking, cowardly, un-American practices, such as fraudulent counts and terrorizing the voters.

SOME lying idiot has started the story that ex-President R. B. HAYES was a delegate to the Chicago convention, and that he was ignored utterly. Mr. HAYES resides in the Tenth Ohio district, in which Toledo is located; the delegates from this district were CLARENCE BROWN, of Toledo, and J. B. LUCKEY, of Elmore—the latter the gentleman who voted for HARRISON. The alternates were J. C. BONNER, of Toledo, and LESTER WILSON, of Sandusky. Furthermore, Mr. HAYES was not in Chicago during the convention. Probably somebody saw CHARLEY GROSVENOR and mistook him for the ex-president.

BEN BUTLER recently declared that thousands of votes cast for himself for President in 1884, in New York city, were fraudulently counted for CLEVELAND, and he brands CLEVELAND as a "fraud" President. It will be dangerous to attempt that sort of thing in New York this fall. An honest count will be insisted upon.

DEMOCRATIC INCAPACITY.

For years the Democratic party, through its speakers and newspapers, has been shouting for a reduction of the revenue.

The Democratic party has had a majority in the national House of Representatives, that branch in which all revenue legislation must originate, for six years. In that long period the Democratic Representatives have not passed a single measure of revenue reduction; nay, more, they have been unable to agree on a single measure for this purpose.

The Mills bill is now before the House. Whether it will pass is unknown. The composition of the present House is as follows: Republicans 152, Democrats 169, Labor men 2, Independents 2; Democratic majority over Republicans, Labor men and Independents, 13. Hence Democrats can not escape responsibility for whatever is done or left undone by the House of Representatives on any question.

If RANDALL and his Democratic friends shall prevent the passage of the Mills bill its rejection will show how impossible it is to unite the Democracy in any scheme of tariff reduction. The Democrats are in a position where they must enforce their ideas on tariff legislation, or else acknowledge their impotency as a party on this subject.

The people of the United States have had about enough humbugging of this sort. They are considering gravely whether it is not time for a change—and to put in power a party which not only has a policy but the ability to enact it into law and carry it into practical effect.

THE ONE TERM IDEA.

ALLEN G. THURMAN, in 1872, the year of GRANT'S second nomination, was bitterly opposed to two presidential terms for the same man. In a campaign speech he declared:

My friends, you will never have any genuine reform in the civil service until you adopt the one-term principle in reference to the Presidency. So long as the incumbent can hope for a second term he will use the immense patronage of the government to procure his renomination and secure his re-election.

The Presidential office is no longer, in the estimation of many, a great "public trust," but is merely a personal privilege and a means of rewarding parasites and partisans and maintaining a party.

MR. THURMAN is now candidate for Vice President on the same ticket with a man who is running for a second term, and the same man who, four years ago, made the following declaration against a second term:

When we consider the patronage of this great office, the allurement of power, the temptation to retain public place once gained, and, more than all, the availability a popular finds in an incumbent whom a horde of office-holders with a zeal born of benefits received and fostered by the hope of favors yet to come stand ready to aid with money and trained political service, we recognize the eligibility of the President for re-election a most serious danger to that calm, deliberate and intelligent action which must characterize a government by the people.

MR. CLEVELAND and MR. THURMAN are both put in the attitude of denying their own precepts, the former for his own advantage and gratification.

THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

This will not be a mud-slinging campaign. The issue has been fairly and squarely presented, and the Republicans, led by Harrison and Morton, are going into the fight to win on the principles laid down in the Chicago convention. The tactics of four years ago will not be attempted by either party. And it is well that it is so. Everyone was thoroughly disgusted at the charges and counter-charges made during the last campaign, and it is a relief to know that there is to be nothing of the sort this year. The Republican candidate for the presidency is a clean man with a clean record, and, standing squarly upon the platform of protection to American industries, he will make a brave, manly fight that will be crowned with success.

We want the addresses of all Secretaries of Republican clubs. Will our friends kindly send those of all clubs in their neighborhood? Address THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

THERE is no tariff duty on anthracite coal. It is on the free list. The coal ring, or trust, prominent among whose members is Congressman SCOTT, of Pennsylvania, the President's right hand man and a leading free trade shrieker, met the other day and advanced the price 25 cents a ton on and after July 1. The monopoly will squeeze the people of the entire country who use anthracite, and steal a quarter on every ton of coal sold. Will not some free trade paper lift its voice against this extortionate trust? Or, if not, will not it volunteer an explanation as to how the tariff aids this infernal monopoly, which fixes by resolution the price of coal for the entire country?

M. H. DEYOUNG, of San Francisco, has no idea that the Chinese howl against HARRISON will injure him in the least on the Pacific coast. He says:

The fight will be entirely on protection. California is in precisely the same position in regard to the tariff as Oregon. Why, Democrats have already begun to fight against us in the Mills bill. They have in that discriminated against California. They have put on the free list products from foreign countries which practically shut out the fruits of our state from the central and Eastern markets. It will cost Californians, under the Mills bill 38 cents to send a box of raisins to New York, while a box of Malaga raisins can be landed in New York from Europe at a cost of only eight cents. In the same way our wines, our nuts, wool and other staples are barred by the Mills bill.

CLEVELAND carried New York by only 1,047 plurality in 1884, and he had for his lieutenants several of the most shrewd and adroit politicians who ever figured in Empire state politics. There was DAN MANNING at Albany, and HUBERT O. THOMPSON and JOHN KELLY, the Tammany chieftain, in New York; while in Brooklyn the tremendous personal influence of HENRY WARD BEECHER was exerted in his behalf. All of these men are dead, and there are none of equal influence to take their places. New York is Republican.

THE utter failure of our Democratic brethren in their efforts to find ammunition against Gen. HARRISON is seen in the charge that he is going to be defeated because he is not a drunkard. The Democratic press seriously charges that because HARRISON is not a drinking man the Germans are not going to vote for him. This is a hideous libel on the German American citizens. HARRISON will lose no votes because of the fact that he is a total abstainer.

WE oppose the importation or imigration of the "cheap and degraded" Hungarian and Italian labor, as much as can any Democrat in the land. Yet we must remind our Democratic brethren who are talking thus of the Hungarians and Italians that the latter, as soon as they are able to vote, gravitate into the Democratic party. They seek their own level.

AMONG the great mass of letters of congratulation received by General HARRISON, on his nomination, none speaks better for him as a man than the following:

HAWKES CITY, KAN., June 28.

Congratulations of an old soldier of your regiment, whose Knapsack you carried when he was exhausted from sickness and fatigue in the Atlanta campaign. J. F. SNOW,
Private Co. D, Seventieth Indiana Infantry.

TO REDUCE the tariff is to enormously increase importations, and thus to reduce the amount of American goods sold—and this again reduces the labor required in this country, and tends to cut down wages, as a decline in wages always follows a superabundance in the labor market.

THE Philadelphia *Press* has its risibles excited by the impressive spectable of "the Democratic party coming out from behind an illicit distillery and howling about the 'free whisky' policy of the Republicans."

BOLTING DEMOCRATS.

Among the significant signs of the times are the number of leading Democrats who are coming into the Republican camp—not deserting the Democratic ranks by stealth, but frankly giving their reasons for joining the party of progress and protection.

GEORGE B. RICHMOND, a leading Democratic politician and lawyer of Denver, Col., writes a letter to the chairman of the State Democratic committee, declaring that henceforth he will be found in the Republican party, on account of the free trade Democratic platform.

Dr. HENRY F. BARNES, of Indianapolis, for 37 years a leading Democrat of that city, thus gives his reasons for supporting HARRISON in preference to CLEVELAND:

Simply because I consider Harrison by far the superior man of the two. I believe he is one of the brainiest, keenest men of our country. I believe he is the most upright and honest statesman we have. I voted for Cleveland and worked hard for him in the last election, but his administration has failed to please me.

Another leading Indianapolis Democrat, and prominent member of the Knights of Labor, CHARLES H. LINCOLN, declares his determination to work and vote for HARRISON.

LEVI J. DELAND, of Rochester, New York, last year a member of the Democratic State committee, a life long Democrat, can not stand the free trade platform, and now supports HARRISON and protection.

EX-Assemblyman DEPENDORF, of Fairport, New York, is another prominent Democrat of the Empire state who has joined the HARRISON ranks.

Dr. FRANK COWAN, Gen. A. L. PEARSON, and F. S. HEATH, all leading Democrats of Pittsburg, will not support CLEVELAND and free trade, and have publicly declared their intention of voting the Republican ticket.

Mr. SPRINGLUFF, a leading Democrat of Norristown, Pa., has come out for HARRISON and MORTON.

HON. ORANGE NOBLE, of New York, who has been for years a prominent Democratic politician, who has been elected to the legislature by the Democrats, and who was their candidate for state treasurer in 1882, has become a Republican, and was one of the vice presidents at a Harrison ratification meeting a few evenings ago.

STATE SENATOR VORHIS, of Windsor, Illinois, who served eight years in the legislature as a Democrat, has announced that he is for HARRISON.

JOHN JARRETT, the noted labor leader, declares his satisfaction with the Republican nominations, and says that he has already heard from several labor organizations and finds that the Republican ticket and platform are heartily indorsed by them. Touching the old dead Chinese issue, which the Democrats are trying so hard to exhume from its little grave, Mr. JARRETT very sensibly says:

We cannot condemn Mr. Harrison for voting against the Chinese immigration bill. The provisions of the bill were at variance with our treaty with China. He claimed that the matter should be adjusted without a violation of the treaty. He voted conscientiously and deserves credit for so doing. I do not think his action on the question will have any weight with the working people. We know he has been for years in sympathy with the laboring classes and should get their support. I have heard labor leaders who are Democrats express their intention of voting for him.

Chief ARTHUR, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, is in favor of HARRISON and MORTON.

The Pittsburg *Leader*, which bolted BLAINE in 1884, and has been disaffected ever since, is enthusiastically supporting HARRISON and MORTON.

A Democratic paper of Peoria, Illinois, the *National*, has come over to the support of the Republican ticket.

These are but straws, showing the direction of the wind. When leading Democrats, prominent in political life, are thus coming over to Republicanism, is it not fair to assume there are thousands of voters, not distinguished for political work, who are quietly of the same mind?

WE WANT CAMPAIGN AGENTS.

We offer better terms than any other paper for campaign subscribers to the BLADE. Those who wish to make a neat sum with but little exertion are requested to write to us at once for agents' terms for campaign subscriptions. Send also a list of names of persons to whom we may mail sample copies.

A CORRESPONDENT at Bee Cove, Texas, writes that the present campaign is creating a great deal of interest in that state. The heavy immigration is bringing into Texas a large protection element, while there are a great many Randall Democrats among the older citizens, "who swear they will never swallow the Cleveland free trade pill." It is but a matter of time, our friend thinks, when Texas will be like Virginia, with a majority of Republican representatives in Congress. He rejoices that the tariff issue is at last sharply drawn, as it gives the Republicans a grand opportunity for a glorious victory.

THE desperate Democrats of the national House of Representatives are determined, it seems, to rob Representative FELTON, of California, of his seat, in order to make the delegation from that state a tie, and thus render an election of a President, should the choice go to the House of Representatives, an impossibility. But there is no danger of the choice devolving on the House. HARRISON will have a majority of the electoral votes and some to spare.

ONE of the most comical things of the present campaign is to find the editorial columns of Democratic free trade sheets groaning over the alleged sufferings of the American people in having to pay such enormous prices for clothing, "because of the tariff," and then to note in the advertising columns that first-class clothing is cheaper than ever before, and as cheap as it is in free trade England.

COL. INGERSOLL voiced the sober, underlying thought of the members of the Republican national convention, and of the great mass of the party as well, when he said, in his address:

No single man, whatever his services may be, no single man whatever his achievements may have been, no single man whatever his capacity is, is of the slightest importance compared with the success of the Republican party.

SOME of the fellows interested in genealogy have discovered that Gen. BEN HARRISON is a lineal descendant from POCAHONTAS. BENJAMIN HARRISON, of Virginia, a signer of the declaration of independence, married a ROLFE, who was a descendant of the famous and beautiful Indian princess. BEN'S pedigree is a good one, but he himself is good enough.

HARDLY a day passes without the record of some prominent New York Democrat abandoning CLEVELAND and free trade and going over to HARRISON and protection. The conditions of the campaign are exactly the reverse of 1884, when the mugwumps abandoned the Republican party. Now the protection Democrats are abandoning the free trade party.

ANOTHER trust has been formed—this time to control quinine. Quinine is on the free list. It pays no tariff duty. Will the free trade shriekers please explain how the tariff is responsible for this trust? We anxiously await a reply.

FOR 2 years ago the Buffalo *News* boasted much because it had "discovered" CLEVELAND, and was instrumental in making him prominent. Now it refuses to support him for re-election. It has had enough of him.

GOVERNOR GRAY, of Indiana, declared, when he heard of the nomination of THURMAN at St. Louis, "Indiana will go Republican in November!"

PROGRESS IN HONDURAS.

From copies of recent papers published at Tegucigalpa, Honduras, it is learned that this Central American Republic is opening an era of improvement. The copy of *La Republica*, dated May 19, contains many letters from foreign powers congratulating Senor Don LUIS BOGRAN upon his re-election as president of the republic. Among these letters are one each from King HUMBERT of Italy and King LUIS of Portugal.

In the same paper is an editorial on the improvement of the country, especially of the seaport of La Ceiba. A translation of this article, which is, of course, printed in the Spanish language, shows the "boom" spirit to be present even in that narrow neck of the western world. Regarding the town of La Ceiba the writer says that "the population is being augmented with such rapidity, that a citizen of La Ceiba who absents himself for one or two months finds upon his return many new houses built and new stores opened."

Special attention is paid to the growing importance of the banana trade. As an instance of a great public improvement it is stated that one firm of shippers has built a wharf extending 250 feet into the sea, which will obviate the necessity of hauling the bunches of bananas through the salt water out to the small boats that transport the fruit to the steamers. The alcalde (mayor) has done many commendable things—among them the construction of a market and a cemetery of sufficient amplitude for the necessities of that port. As a fitting end to the article the editor writes:

The new and budding life which is beginning to develop and palpitate in the port of La Ceiba, and other points of the Republic, are the fruit of the peace and order which prevails in it. Under a government that is the friend of progress, peace is labor, not idleness; it is movement and animation; it is the application of the human faculties and of the human forces in all their spheres of activity by the majority of the individual life of the public.

By this it will be seen that the editor knows the best remedy for the numerous revolutions of that republic.

See that your neighbor takes the BLADE during the campaign. Send for terms to agents.

SUMMER'S TURNING-POINT.

These early July days are at the turning-point of the season in this latitude. The foliage of forest and orchard is in full perfection, and all Nature wears a deep, rich green hue, not yet marred by decay, nor splashed with the autumn's russet or scarlet or gold. The tender tint of the spring-time green has deepened under the ardent rays of the summer sun, and all vegetation is now in its very prime. The gray plumes of the lush grass in the meadows proclaim haying-time, and the rasping swish of the scythe, or the strident click and rattle of the mower, are added to the rural sounds of July. The full heads of grain bend in billowy swells as the summer breezes sweep over the wheat fields, already whitening to the harvest, and the serried ranks of the corn are increasing in stature under the favoring conditions of heat and moisture.

Yet a few days and the shrill song of the cicada will announce the advent of mid-summer, and the parching heat will spot the yet perfect green of field and woodland with russet, the forerunner of the autumn season of decay. The present time is the only period during the warm months when the eye can take most pleasure in the perfection of verdure in wood and field. Their autumnal robes will be more glorious, but while the eye then gazes with delight upon their brilliant colorings, there is a feeling of sadness that the drear winter is quickly drawing on, which is now absent. There is not in tree or field a hint of autumnal decay, and the odors which are wafted to us on every breeze are redolent of the glorious summer.

IT is said by one who claims to know, that Governor FORAKER had 20,000 lithographs of himself distributed at the Chicago convention. —*Detroit Free Press.*

The above is a stupid lie, and has appeared in various forms in different papers. The facts are: Over a year ago an Eastern firm got out a fine lithograph of FORAKER as a private speculation. A copy hangs in the rooms of the New York Republican club, and we know of several others which were purchased and hung up by admirers of the Governor. There were two or three copies of this picture in windows at Chicago, placed there by the proprietors of the establishments displaying them. The story quoted by the *Free Press* started from the fact that a Columbus photographer made a fine panel negative of FORAKER, and stated, some weeks ago, that he had sold some 15,000 copies, orders coming to him from all parts of the country. Some of these photographs were ordered by Chicago dealers, and sold on the streets, along with portraits of BLAINE, SHERMAN and other Republican statesmen. FORAKER has nothing to do with the matter, which was a matter of private speculation.

THE *Insurance Chronicle* gives, in its last issue, the cost to property owners and insurance companies of the Fourth of July fireworks and crackers for the past four years. The returns for this year will no doubt be up to the average, at least:

	No. risks burned.	Property loss.	Insurance loss.
1884.....	98	$218,165	$122,824
1885.....	147	88,980	52,157
1886.....	230	536,729	407,002
1887.....	215	439,069	387,971
	630	$1,345,943	$980,044

Don't we pay a little too dear for our whistle?

CLEVELAND relinquished his residence in the state of New York a couple of years ago, and had his name stricken from the tax-rolls at Buffalo. The Buffalo *Express* declares he did this to avoid paying a tax of $96.13. He is no longer a New Yorker, but a citizen of the District of Columbia, and has no vote for Presidential or Congressional candidates.

MORRISON declares the Democratic platform doesn't mean free trade. WATTERSON was its chief builder, and he says it does. FRANK HURD says it does. HENRY GEORGE, who believes in the total abolition of custom-houses and the raising of all revenues by a tax on land, says it does. The English newspapers are hoping for Democratic success, because the platform means free trade.

GEN. HARRISON was never a Know Nothing. His father was elected to Congress by the Know Nothings, and after the disruption of that party became a Democrat. BEN. entered his majority as a Republican, and in the 1856 campaign supported FREMONT while his father supported MILLARD FILLMORE.

BUFFALO has a Harrison and Morton club composed of men who voted for WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON in 1840. Its president is LEWIS F. ALLEN, the uncle of GROVER CLEVELAND, with whom the latter lived when a young man. He don't believe in his nephew nor in his free trade principles.

THE Jasper, Indiana, *Times* uses in its columns an old cut of the Harrison "log cabin" that was employed by a Whig paper in Vincennes during the campaign of 1840. Probably there are many of these lying around the older newspaper offices in the West. Hunt them up and reproduce them.

THE New York *Tribune* propounds a puzzling conundrum to the Democrats when it asks:

Please tell us why nearly all the free traders are in favor of Cleveland, if Cleveland is not in favor of them?

THE bandana seems to be playing out. The insignia of an old man's weakness does not make an inspiring battle-flag.

HARRISON AND THE 1887 RAILWAY STRIKE.

A few of the less honorable Democratic newspapers are attempting to prejudice General HARRISON in the minds of the workingmen by misrepresentations of his course at Indianapolis during the great railway strike of 1877. There are few of the men to whom this argument is directed who can be moved by such an appeal. The great strike, the riots at Pittsburg and the burning of the Union depot there, are well remembered by all. There was danger of similar trouble in all the great railway centers of the country. Two days after the Pittsburg riot, strikers took possession of the Indianapolis depot, and stopped all traffic by rail. The city authorities were powerless, and the mayor was obliged to call upon the citizens to aid him in upholding the law and preserving order.

A mass meeting was held, and a citizens' organization was perfected, men of all parties uniting for this common end. Gen. HARRISON and Judge GRESHAM worked side by side with Senator MCDONALD and other prominent Democrats. The right of the railway men to strike was fully recognized by this organization, but the right to prevent others from working was disputed. A "Committee of Public Safety" was organized, and several hundred citizens enrolled themselves in a volunteer militia force, to act under the orders of the committee. The result of this prompt action was that a repetition of the Pittsburg riots was prevented, and peace preserved. HARRISON was placed in command of one of the companies of militia, who were authorized by the Democratic governor of the state, "Blue Jeans" WILLIAMS, to quell disorder and maintain the supremacy of the law.

Fortunately it did not become necessary for the troops to be called into active service. Gen. HARRISON did his duty as a citizen, and public sentiment in Indiana was overwhelmingly in favor of the precautions taken to preserve order and prevent useless destruction of property. Gen. HARRISON was of the opinion that the rate of wages of the railway men was too low, and offered to use his influence to obtain an increase; and when the strike was over, he voluntarily went into court and obtained, through his personal exertions, the release of some 200 strikers who had been sentenced to imprisonment.

It would be well for the Democrats who are trying to use such poor material for campaign thunder to note that HARRISON'S course was followed and upheld by the most distinguished Democrats at Indianapolis. Senator VOORHEES said, in a late interview, that the attempt to make this an issue in the campaign would result in failure. VOORHEES was one of the "Committee of Public Safety," and he says of its action:

We met a committee of the strikers in the council chamber in a public conference. I talked to them, and told them that we sympathized with the organization in their right to quit work if they were not satisfied with their wages or their employers; but that they had no right to prevent other men from working, and that when they attempted to do so they became lawbreakers. General Harrison and the others also talked to them in the same strain. We all promised to help them to better wages if we could. During the conference something was said, I believe, by Gen. Harrison, at which the strikers' committee took offence. What it was I don't remember, but it couldn't have been anything very startling or I would not have forgotten it. The strikers arose as if to leave the hall, but were induced to sit down again, the matter was smoothed over and nothing came of it. The proceedings were interrupted only for a moment. Ben Harrison and the rest of us worked together during all that time. We constantly endeavored to preserve peace and good order, and I cannot remember that Gen. Harrison was different from any of the rest of us in sentiment or action toward the strikers.

SEND FOR CAMPAIGN TERMS.

We want to have every Republican voter in the country on our subscription lists for the coming Presidential campaign. Our terms to agents are so liberal that they can find no difficulty in getting every one to subscribe. Send for agents' campaign terms, and also a list of names to whom we may mail sample copies.

THE Chinese bugaboo with which the Democratic press assailed HARRISON is already abandoned by all decent papers of that party. The proof on the other side is too strong, and every self-respecting Democratic paper, which is too honest to lie directly and openly, has dropped the Chinese cry.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* furnishes the names of twelve leading Democrats of Cambridge City, Indiana, who have declared their intention of voting for HARRISON and MORTON on the protective and pension issues. The ball rolls on.

BUFFALO gave CLEVELAND 5,752 plurality for governor in 1882, but in 1884 gave BLAINE 1,093 plurality. No wonder CLEVELAND dropped his residence there, and became a citizen of the District of Columbia, where the people can't vote for President.

THE new fiscal year has already begun, and only three of the fourteen regular appropriation bills have yet been passed by Congress. The blame for the delay is in the Democratic House, which is fooling time away over the impossible Mills bill.

OVER one of the largest silk mills in Paterson, N. J., floats a flag inscribed, "Protection, Harrison and Morton." The flag shows which way the wind blows in Paterson, a thriving community built up by protection against foreign silk.

MAYOR HEWITT, according to the New York *Times*, declared recently that President CLEVELAND is a fool, and that he would not believe him under oath. "Harmony" of this sort among New York Democrats is not conducive to success this fall.

NEW YORK STATE gave CLEVELAND a plurality of 192,000 in 1882, and in 1884 but 1,047. The voters had begun to find him out. The majority against him next fall will be a huge one, if the progression is carried out.

THE St. Louis *American Celt* is another Irish-American paper which joins the column in support of HARRISON, MORTON and protection to American industries against GROVER CLEVELAND and British free trade.

SHERMAN is to take the stump for HARRISON and MORTON. Mr. SHERMAN is like Mr. BLAINE—he will be able to do more for Republican success serving in the ranks than if leading the column.

THE November election comes on the anniversary of the battle of Tippecanoe. If you believe in omens, there's a good one for you. If you don't, you will find it a striking coincidence.

THE list of prominent Democrats who have abandoned that party on the tariff issue is growing so rapidly that the defections are becoming a stampede.

WATTERSON is about the only prominent Democrat in the country who has the honesty to admit that the political issue is protection vs. free trade.

A POLL of 300 Democrats in one ward of Chattanooga, Tenn., shows that one-third of them are in favor of HARRISON and protection.

WHERE is the enthusiasm for CLEVELAND? It is not visible to the unaided optic, save in the case of federal office-holders.

THE Democratic press appears to think HARRISON an "aristocrat" because he wears a clean shirt.

THE Republicans cannot carry England this fall, CLEVELAND is solid there.

IN Democratic eyes, it is a crime to possess a noted grandfather.

A "TARIFF PRIMER."

We will begin, in the issue of the Weekly BLADE for July 19, the publication of a series of articles, entitled a "TARIFF PRIMER," which will take up the subject of the tariff from the primary definition of the word, and explain the subject so clearly and plainly that every one can understand it thoroughly.

The series will run about three months, and will cover every phase of the great question now before the American people. The absurdities and fallacies of the free trade theorists will be pointed out and explained, and the "Primer" will be, in effect, a text-book on Protection, showing clearly that the protective policy is a necessity to the prosperity, not only of our workingmen in mechanical industries, but to the farmers and all other classes of our people.

See that your neighbor subscribes for the BLADE for the campaign, and gets this "Primer" entire. Officers of Republican clubs are requested to send for sample copies, and to aid in circulating the "Tariff Primer" in the interests of the protective policy and of the Republican party.

NASBY'S BOOKS.

We now have in stock all the published works of D. R. LOCKE, and can fill orders promptly. The demand for the "Cross Roads" letters in book form exceeded our expectations, and we have just caught up with back orders. We have announced on 5th page of this issue full particulars, prices, etc.

WORKING THE POSTMASTERS.

A correspondent at Lost River, Or., sends us the private circular given below, a copy of which was mailed to every Democratic postmaster in Oregon previous to the recent state election. It is an interesting commentary on the sham civil service reform of the present administration, and makes some admissions that must be uncomfortable to the Democrats since Oregon was swept by the Republicans:

PERSONAL.

The opportunity for Oregon has arrived. This state can, if she will, lead the Democratic procession. The eyes of the whole country are fixed on Oregon and our approaching election. As goes Oregon on June 4, so will many a sister state go in November. If Democracy triumphs here, lasting honors and a great reputation will be ours, and the burdens of tariff taxation lifted from the shoulders of our people. We can accomplish this if each man will do his whole duty. Among others the 600 Postmasters of Oregon can do much in this great contest. If *each* Postmaster will make it his special duty to get *three votes*, outside of his party, for John M. Gearin, our nominee for Congress, success is certain. Surely among neighbors and acquaintances three votes are not many to win as personal favors. But the aggregate for 600 postmasters is 1,800 votes—more than enough to wipe out Herman's majority of two years ago. Holding an office does not deprive a man of his rights as a citizen. Let us all work incessantly, and on the day of election either stay at the polls, or bring every friendly voter in. Ours is the only state election, before November, that is at all significant this Presidential year. If victory is ours on the 4th of June, the name of the Oregon Democracy will be covered with imperishable glory all over the country and in the councils of the nation.

May 16, 1888. UNITED DEMOCRACY.

Send for agents' terms for campaign subscriptions to the BLADE. We wish to put a copy in the hands of every Republican in the land.

IT is against human nature for the great American people to stay by a political party the success of which is looked forward to with anxiety by foreign nations as being in their interest. Our people are not on the British side in this fight, and for that reason there is a steady drift of voters from the Democratic party into the Republican ranks.

THOUGH not so intended, the remark of the St. Louis *Republic*, that "no party can shirk its platform without making defeat inevitable," is a warning to its brother Democrats that their attempts to explain their free trade platform as meaning protection are only hurting their cause.

THE Democratic bluffers in New York who have been offering to bet $25,000 that CLEVELAND will be elected this fall retreated ignominiously when W. B. DOWD offered to take them up and go them $10,000 better. Brag and bluster won't help the Democratic cause.

WILL those free trade gentlemen who talk so eloquently about the "glutted markets" of America have the honesty to recall the fact that if we did not import each year $600,000,000 of foreign goods there would be no such "glut?"

GROVER CLEVELAND has never received a re-election to any office. One term was all he could command as mayor of Buffalo, as sheriff of Erie county, as governor of New York, and one term will end his occupancy of the White House.

FOR the six months ending June 30 there were 5,189 failures in the United States, with total

WHY WAGES ARE HIGH.

Artisans and operatives who are engaged in "protected" industries may well ask themselves the question: "Why is it, if protection is such a friend of the laboring man, that workmen employed in unprotected industries are relatively as highly remunerated as those employed in industries that receive protection?" The American bricklayer and the American carpenter, for instance, who are not shielded from competition by any tariff duty, obtain wages that are as much higher than the wages paid carpenters and bricklayers abroad as those of our factory operatives are higher than the wages paid by foreign manufacturers.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The statement is quite true that men employed in the trades get relatively as high wages as those in manufactures. Protection is the reason. When wages go up in any great industry, they go up all along the line. Because the tariff makes it possible for manufactory employes to get wages twice as high as those paid in Europe, wages are kept up for all. The reverse process would be gone through with if the Democratic free trade policy were inaugurated. The result would be that manufactory employes, in iron, woolen, cotton, and all other great industries, would either be thrown out of work entirely, or be compelled to accept much lower wages. What is the result when stagnation in trade or a financial crash, throws men in large numbers out of work? They must live, and must support their families; hence they throng all avenues of industry, seeking employment, and the surplus in the labor market causes wages to drop all along the line. It was so in 1857; it was so in 1873. The result, then, would be that not only would wages be cut down in manufactures, but everywhere else—carpenters, masons, laborers of all kinds; the clerks in offices and stores, railway employes—every man who works for wages or on salary would suffer a reduction of his income.

We are glad to see that the *Eagle*, which is one of the strongest Democratic papers in the East, frankly admits that wages in this country are much higher than anywhere else in the world. There are Democratic sheets here in the West that will not even acknowledge that fact.

While speaking on this matter of wages, let us refer to one other point. Some free trade papers have the hardihood to declare that the tariff does not affect wages, and point to the fluctuations due to other causes as proof. Let us use a homely illustration. On a sunny day in winter, the thermometer marks 30 degrees at 6 o'clock in the morning, at noon 45°, at 6 in the evening 32°. In July the same thermometer marks 70° at 6 in the morning, 85° at noon, and 72° at 6 in the evening. The mercury in the latter case has fluctuated just as much as it did in the former, but the temperature has been 40° higher at any time than it was on the winter day.

The tariff acts as the summer does on the mercury—it keeps wages higher than in free trade countries; but other causes which affect wages cause fluctuations, the same as the presence or absence of sunshine caused the mercury to rise and fall on the July day.

THE SENATE TARIFF BILL.

The Republican leaders in the Senate are hard at work preparing a tariff measure which is to be substituted for the Mills bill, if the latter bit of crazy-quilt legislation finally gets through the House. Senators ALDRICH, ALLISON and HISCOCK, the Republican members of the Senate Finance committee, are engaged in this work. The bill will probably provide for the removal of the tobacco tax, $32,000,000; of the tax on alcohol used in the arts and manufacture, about $6,000,000; and of the tax on fruit brandies, $2,000,000—a total of $40,000,000. Other changes will be made, and probably a provision will be incorporated reducing the sugar duty.

Less than one-tenth of the sugar used in the country is grown here, although the growth of sugar has been stimulated by protection over fifty years. This shows that ours is not a sugar-producing country, at least from the sugar cane. Let the experiments now being made with sorghum and beet root be stimulated by a bounty, but give nothing more in the vain effort to produce the sugar of the country from the tropical cane, indigenous to climates below the frost line. The duty on sugar is a tax, just as the duty on coffee was, because we do not produce sugar. This tax amounts to one dollar on every person in the country. It is an unequal tax, because the rich man pays no more than the poor. By abolishing this tax they will also break down the great sugar trust.

If the Republicans can hold together their party, with its majority of two votes, they will undoubtedly substitute their bill, the House will refuse to accept it, and an appeal will be taken to the country on the two measures.

HARRISON AND THE FREEDMEN.

A delegation of colored men called upon General HARRISON one day recently. In an address to them he said:

I rejoice in all that you have accomplished since you have been free. I recall no scene more pathetic than that which I have seen about our camp fires. An aged man, a fugitive from a savery had found freedom in our camp. After a day of hard work, when taps had sounded and the lights in the tents were out, I have seen him with the spelling-book that the chaplain had given him, lying prone upon the ground, taxing his old eyes, and pointing with his hardened fingers to the letters of the alphabet, as he endeavored to open to his clouded mind the avenues of information and the light. I am glad to know that that same desire to increase and enlarge your information possesses the race to-day. It is the open way for the race to that perfect emancipation which will remove all remaining prejudices, and secure to you, in all parts of the land, an equal and just participation in the government of this country. It cannot much longer be withholden from you. I thank you for your presence here to-night, and I shall be glad to take by the hand all of you who may desire to see me.

THE English, like most human beings, are influenced by self-interest. Free trade will enrich English manufacturers and enormously increase English commerce. "I have not met a single Englishman," Mr. SMALLEY cables from London, "who does not wish for Mr. CLEVELAND'S election, not one who does not take it for granted, and not one who does not believe, that English trade and manufacturers will benefit by his triumph." But why Americans should reelect a President who favors a policy that will lead to free trade and build up English interests at the expense of America is inexplicable.

If the free trade policy is to enable our manufacturers to largely increase their sales abroad, how comes it that English manufacturers are all hoping for the passage of the Mills bill? Would it not, in that case, decrease their own markets by increasing competition? Most certainly; and the fact that every English manufacturer is anxious to have the Mills bill pass is positive proof that the free trade argument given above is a lie. They expect to sell more goods in this country, that is all.

SPEAKING of CLEVELAND'S speech of acceptance, the London *Times* says:

It could hardly be possible to put the free trade case more clearly or more strongly. The arguments which President Cleveland uses are those which Mr. Cobden used to employ, 45 years ago, and which any English free trader would employ now. They are purely free trade arguments, and as such we are very glad to see Mr. Cleveland using them, though sorry for the popular infatuation which makes it dangerous to give them their right name.

That is, the *Times* is sorry to see CLEVELAND play the hypocrite. It would prefer that he should declare himself openly for free trade, instead of using a mask.

WHILE inactivity rules in all departments of trade in this country, the weather is extremely favorable for the efforts of the farmers to increase agricultural production. Heat and moisture, the two elements necessary to rapid crop growth, prevail almost every where. There are no complaints about any important crop in any section of the Union.

A NEW ALIGNMENT.

As the campaign goes on, it is apparent that there is to be a new division of the voters of the country. The reports of defections from the Democratic ranks on account of the free trade issue forced by CLEVELAND are so general, coming from all parts of the country, that it is evident the line of division must be on the tariff issue.

Why should a man who works for hire adhere stoildly to the party whose avowed policy, if put into effect, must inevitably reduce his means of living—both by cutting down his wages, and rendering work less abundant? Why should a Democratic farmer vote with that party, when its declared policy would have the effect of driving vast numbers of men, now employed in handicrafts, into agriculture, thus increasing the producing class and reducing the home market—the largest and most profitable one for all farm products? Why should a Democratic wool-grower vote for a policy which will render his industry utterly profitless?

The theory of political parties is that men who think alike on matters of governmental policy shall vote together to carry their ideas into effect. There are men, however, whose politics are mere sentiment—a blind adhesion to a party name, irrespective of the doctrines that it upholds. With the spread of intelligence this class is growing less, however, and should die out altogether. The interest in the tariff question is increasing, and it is to be the one thing on which the present campaign is to be won or lost. It is an irrepressible conflict between the two opposing economic systems, and it will necessitate a new alignment of the voters of the nation. There is no other issue that can stand for a moment before it.

THE visible supply of wheat is lower than it has been in four years, but largely in excess of the summer average prior to 1884. The exports of wheat since September 1 are 40,000,000 bushels less than last year, and the exports of wheat and flour combined are 31,000,000 bushels less. If the last two winter wheat crops were estimated correctly, and the home consumption increased 4 per cent., in those ten months, there are 6,000,000 or 7,000,000 bushels more wheat in the entire country than a year ago, and as the visible supply is 11,000,000 less, the undelivered reserve is 17,000,000 or 18,000,000 more. There is in this state of things a formidable element of uncertainty as to any great increase in price, which only later developments can remove.

PARNELL believes that the ultimate effect of the Home Rule movement will be the formation of an Imperial parliament, with elective representatives from England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and all the British colonies throughout the world. The plan would be something like our own federal representation in Congress.

"PINAFORE" REDIVIVUS.

The Captain's Solo Turned Into a Cracking Campaign Song.

The Springfield (Mass.) *Union* (Rep.) thus revives "Pinafore," and makes it do service for the Republican party:

Capt. Cleveland—I am the Captain of the free trade crew.

Chorus of Democratic Tars—And a right good Captain, too.

Capt. C.—You are very, very good, and be it understood,
I'm in for reform right through.

Chorus—We are very, very good, and be it understood,
He's in for reform right through.

Capt. C.—I can trim back and steer with any boss here,
And I know how to twist and squirm.
I was never known to scorn civil service to reform,
And I'll never take a second term.

Chorus—What! never?
Capt. C.—No, never!
Chorus—What! never?
Capt. C.—Hardly ever!

Chorus—Hardly ever take a second term.
Then here's one yell and a snicker, too,
For the one term Captain of the free trade crew.
Then here's one yell and a snicker, too,
For the Captain of the free trade crew.

Capt. C.—I've done my best to satisfy you all.

Chorus—And with you we are all content.

Capt. C.—That's an everlasting whopper, but I think it only proper
To return the compliment.

Chorus—That's an everlasting whopper, but he thinks it only proper
To return the compliment.

Capt. C.—I have made a heap of noise, and I've called in the boys
To warm their frozen toes;
I've discouraged all proclivity to partisan activity,
And I've always worn free trade clothes.

Chorus—What! always?
Capt. C.—Yes, always!
Chorus—What! always?
Well, recently!

Chorus—He's recently donned free trade clothes.
Then here's a yell and a snicker, too,
For the free wool Captain of the free trade crew.
Then here's a yell and a snicker, too,
For the Captain of the free trade crew.

Jekyll-Hyde-Cleveland.

Dr. Jekyll in 1884 and Mr. Hyde in 1888. The following tells all about it:

Cleveland's Letter of Acceptance, 1884.	*Cleveland's Speech of Acceptance, 1888.*
When we consider the	Whe message which
patronage of this great	you bring awakens
office, the allurements	within me the liveliest
of power, the tempta-	sense of personal grat-
tion to retain place	once finde and satisfaction,
gained, and more than	and the honor which
all, the availability a	you tender me is in it-
party finds in an en-	self so great that there
cumbent whom a horde	might well be no room
of office-holders, with a	for any other sentiment.
zeal born of benefits	It remains for
and fostered by the	me to say to you, and
hope of benefits yet to	through you to the
come, stand ready to	Democracy of the na-
aid with money and	tion, that I accept the
trained political service	nomination with which
we recognize in the ele-	they have honored me,
gibility of the President	and that I will in due
for re-election a most	time signify such ac-
serious danger to that	ceptance in the usual
calm deliberate and in-	formal manner.
telligent political action	
which must character-	
ize a government by the	
people.	

Mr. Hyde will turn up his toes in November.

A Curious Fact.

Chicago Tribune.

Some of the parties who are discussing the whisky tax seem to be unaware of the fact that the standard of strength on which it is levied is not much more than 50 per cent. The tax of 90 cents really amounts to $1 69 per gallon of proof spirit, which is the strength referred to in trade quotations of $2 10 and upwards at wholesale. The present price is about $2 30 for what is known in commerce as "94 per cent. alcohol," with the base price of the distiller published as $1.20. The difference between the fact and the rather widely-spread erroneous supposition is an important one.

Keeping up with his Rival.

Pittsburg Chronicle.

"Daniel?"
"Yes, sire."
"I see that Mr. Harrison teaches a Bible class."
"He does, sire."
"We must not let him have this advantage over us. Hunt me up a Bible class to teach."

he Kind of a Man Morton is.

New York Press.

Levi P. Morton never was charitable for the sake of votes, but if all the suffering fortunates who have profited by his beneficence to New York charities were assembled in a convention they would outdo the Chicago body that nominated him for Vice President.

Luck vs. Fate.

Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

"Cleveland's luck" is the one plank to which the dazed Democracy is clinging just now. But luck cannot beat Fate. Napoleon believed in his luck, but Waterloo knocked him out at last. Grover, beware of '88!

And Boost Him.

Detroit Journal.

The Republican party proposes to take John Bull right by the horns this year.

THEY WORK SUNDAYS.

HARD LIFE OF GERMAN LABORERS.

Half the People Work Seven Days in Every Week for Scanty Wages—The Great Industries and Handicrafts Seem to Suffer Most.

To the American who works six days every week and is master of himself on the seventh, it is almost incredible that in many foreign countries, where the wages paid are insignificant compared to those of this country, more than half the employes are compelled to work seven days of the week, with few, if any, holidays through the year. The first accurate statistics on this subject have just been compiled by Samuel Rolfe Miller, our consul at Leipsic, showing the amount of Sunday labor in Germany. It will soon be published by the State Department at Washington for general distribution, but the main features are exhibited in the following advance abstract:

An inquiry into the extent to which Sunday labor is practiced in Germany was recently set on foot by the imperial government prior to entering on the consideration of the propriety of regulating Sunday labor by imperial legislation. The laws of the various states of the German Empire are by no means uniform on this subject. In Saxony, for example, Sunday labor is prohibited in the manufacturing and farming industries and in trade, with the exception of work necessary to prevent accidents or injury to health, repairs which cannot be delayed and works of urgency. In Prussia the legislation is not so strict. For some time past a demand has been raised in various quarters for the limitation, or, at any rate, for the uniform regulation of Sunday work throughout the empire, for it is obvious that a manufacturer or a trader in a state which permits Sunday labor possesses a considerable advantage over his rival in a state where Sunday is a legal day of rest.

The results of the investigations leave a good deal to be desired in respect of fullness. In some cases divergent views as to the precise meaning of Sunday and Sunday work; in others indifference or ignorance rendered the answers unavoidable for statistical purposes. The most complete and accurate replies were received from the administrative districts of the Prussian Kingdom, and as Prussia is by far the most important and extensive of the states of the empire, the results of the investigation have a considerable value in showing the conditions which govern business in such a large area. In thirty Prussian administrative districts from which the answers were most detailed the inquiries extended to 500,156 establishments of all kinds, with 1,582,591 hands. Of these, 288,939 establishments, or 57.75 per cent., and 668,927 (42.25 per cent.) hands work on Sunday; 211,217 establishments, or 42.25 per cent., and 919,564 hands, or 57.75 per cent., have no Sunday work. A closer examination shows that Sunday labor is much greater in trade and transport than in industrial and manual labor, inasmuch as in the latter groups 47.2 per cent. of the establishments and 35.9 per cent of the work people have Sunday labor, while 52 8 per cent. of the establishments and 64.1 per cent. of the work people have none.

In 16 of the districts it was possible to distinguish further between the proportions for large industrial undertakings and for manual labor. In large industrial undertakings Sunday work is carried on in 49.4 per cent of the establishments and by 29.3 per cent of the work people; in handicraft, in 47.1 per cent of the establishments and by 41.8 per cent of the work people. The explanation of these figures appears to be that while a larger proportion of the industrial establishments do some Sunday work, in consequence of keeping some part of their machinery or organization in perpetual operation, the division of labor in the large factories enables the Sunday work to be done by a small proportion of hands, whereas in handicrafts, although a smaller proportion of establishments work on Sunday, the want of division of labor necessitates the presence of all, or nearly all the work people, and this is particularly true of the small undertakings. The explanation is confirmed by the results of the investigations in eight districts where it was possible to ascertain what proportion of the workmen who do not work on Sunday are employed in establishments which have Sunday work. In the great industries it appears that establishments which work on Sunday only employ 47.1 per cent. of their hands on that day. Handicrafts, on the other hand, employ 95.4 per cent.

For trade and transport, figures were obtained from 29 districts, with the result that 77.6 per cent of the establishments and 57.8 per cent of the work people are employed on Sunday. A comparison with the similar figures for industry and handicrafts gives the following general results: As compared with handicrafts, the great industries work a larger proportion of establishments but a smaller proportion of work people on Sunday; as compared with trade and transport, comparatively fewer of both establishments and work people. Trade and transport also employ a proportionately larger number of establishments and work people on Sunday than handicrafts.

With respect to these conclusions it should be observed that they only refer to the usual Sunday work which occurs more or less regularly. In the broader sense of any kind of work that is done on Sunday it is probable that there are scarcely any houses where some work is not done from time to time. In trade the keeping open of the shop or sale department may be taken as the definition of regular Sunday work. In factories and great industries regular Sunday work applies chiefly to repairs and keeping the machinery and so on always going. Periodically recurring Sunday work is most frequent in such branches as land industry, where the work must be done at certain periods of the year, and in branches where there is periodical recurrence of a pressure of business. The great industries, together with handicrafts, home industries, and, to some extent trade, are subject to this kind of Sunday work. Irregularly recurring Sunday work is infrequent in great industries and in trade; but it is very common in handicrafts. Regular Sundays in the large industries employ a large portion of the staff. In small establishments in places where Sunday work is the rule, and in branches like photography, where the best trade is done on Sunday, the work employs the whole staff. Periodically recurring Sunday work, as a rule, requires the services of the entire staff. As regards the practicability of prohibition of Sunday labor the general result was that 23 per cent. of masters and 32 per cent of the men believe in an unlimited prohibition; 39 per cent. of masters and 41 per cent. of men in a limited prohibition, while 38 per cent. of the masters and 28 per cent. of the men hold any kind of prohibition to be impracticable.

Distributed among the different classes of occupations these numbers become in great industries and factories for unlimited prohibition, 13 per cent masters, 18 per cent men; for limited prohibition, 54 per cent masters, 57 per cent men; for no prohibition, 33 per cent masters, 25 per cent men. In handicrafts, for unlimited prohibition, 18 per cent masters, 21 per cent men; for limited prohibition, 41 per cent masters, 52 per cent men; for no prohibition, 41 per cent masters, 27 per cent men. In trade, for unlimited prohibition, 41 per cent masters, 59.5 per cent. men; for limited prohibition, 27 per cent. masters, 18.5 per cent men; for no prohibition, 32 per cent masters, 22 per cent men. In transport, for unlimited prohibition, 12 per cent. masters, 16 per cent. men; for limited prohibition, 11.5 per cent. masters, 14 per cent. men; for no prohibition, 76 per cent. masters, 70 per cent. men.

From the figures the state of affairs seems more agreeable to the masters than to the men.

Grandson of His Grandfather.

When asked whence comes our candidate,
Our sole reply shall be—
He comes from Indiana
And his famous ances-tree.
—*Kansas City Star.*

The Whisky "Trust."

Hartford Courant.

It is a suggestive fact that the great whisky distillers of the country are the chief opponents of the abolition of the war tax on whisky.

Democratic Furnishing Goods.

Topeka Capital.

The Democratic ticket—For President, a nineteen-inch collar; for Vice President, a bandana handkerchief.

The One Great Issue.

Chicago Journal.

The issue is protection or free trade, and the Democrats can not dodge it. They are trying to mighty hard, however.

One Sure Item on the Free List.

Springfield Union.

We shall have free salt in November. It will be distilled from Democratic tears.

—Nervous, Debility, Seminal Weakness, etc. Prompt and effective treatment by latest methods. Address Medical Bureau, Box 161, Toledo, Ohio.

POLITICS BY JUDGE TOURGEE.

Third Partisans Responsible if the Country Goes to Ruin—Other Matters at the National Reform Assembly.

LAKESIDE, O., July 9.—(Special correspondence.)—The National Reform assembly, which opened at these delightful grounds, Saturday morning, is very largely attended and is full of deep enthusiasm. The leading address was delivered last evening in the new ampitheater, to a large audience, by Judge Albion W. Tourgee, author of "A Fool's Errand," and upon the subject, "The Christian Citizen."

The judge remarked as he opened his talk that he had some hesitancy in speaking to an audience of which every member is a model Christian and trying to be a model citizen, but that perhaps he was appropriately chosen to talk upon the subject assigned him, for, being a Methodist, he represented very effectively the distinguishing doctrine of that church—backsliding. He said that politics and religion are two ends to the same thought. It is the covenant of Christianity to give the highest government to the citizens, and it is the duty of every Christian to attend the party primaries and to exercise his prayerful judgment in the selection of delegates to conventions and the adoption of platform principles. The Christian citizen regards his duty to vote the highest privilege and obligation that he can enjoy, and the man who does not so regard it should be classed with murderers and be deemed unworthy of citizenship. The richest man, with all his wealth, cannot do as much good as the poor man with his ballot. Eternity can only reveal the value of a freeman as a citizen of the Republic.

The judge said he wanted to give twenty stripes to a man he knew, 42 years old, who had voted but once in his life. There are men who object to politics, and will not descend into the filthy pool. To such he would say: "Get you down into that pool and clean it out. There is no place where your purity, your influence and Christian character will count for so much as at the polls and the political caucus."

Then there are men who vote every time they can get a chance, twice at one election if possible. Such should have a ring in their nose and be led to the polls, lest they may gore their own friends.

The American party system is the most glorious instrument for good that the Lord ever created or sactified, and the man who has no party is about as badly off as an angel lost on the plains of heaven. No good can come of him. The citizen must have a party and must see that he attends its caucusses and vote at ballot-box. Education must not stay at home and let ignorance control the primaries, and thereby the result. A man can't serve his country as President Cleveland did during the war, by substitute. When God put the crown of citizenship upon man he also gave him the duty of action. If you neglect to vote you put much more power in my hands.

He spoke of the man who refused to cast his ballot because ignorant and common people had the same privilege as being on the inverted apex of his own insignificance, and so low that he can't rise high enough for a decent man's contempt. He should go out into the wilderness and hate himself to death. The more educated the man is the more eminent is his duty to go into the pool of politics and begin to bail it out.

"Any man has a right to start a new party if he choose," continued Mr. Tourgee, "and can refuse to vote with either of the great parties where his ballot will tell one way or the other, but I want such a man to understand that if evil happens to this land, it is for his action."

The judge referred to his fifteen years' experience in the South during the reconstruction period and of the shameful wrongs that existed then and still exist in preventing a free vote. "But," said he, "it is no worse a crime against the nation to drive a voter from the polls with a pistol than for one to stay at home and husk corn rather than exercise his duty as a free man."

He told of a clergyman who saved the city of Denver from gamblers by getting the men to leave a prayer meeting and attend a caucus where delegates were to be elected to the city convention, while the women ran the prayer service. "Prayer," he said, "don't cast ballots nor run caucuses, but is very appropriate after these things are done."

The audience last evening was composed for a great part of prominent third party politicians, among them being Rev. Dr Geo. E. Morris, of Philadelphia, and Judge Tourgee's reference to them and the great wrong in casting a vote where it could not count in this state was received in profound silence, but upon the faces of some distinguished divines, who are eminent as workers for prohibition itself, the BLADE correspondent noticed a smile of triumph and a longing to vigorously applaud, which they doubtless would have done had it not been Sunday evening.

At the conclusion of his speech Judge Tourgee was surrounded by a vast crowd of admirers who congratulated him in the most glowing terms on his admirable address.

The judge spoke Saturday morning upon the "Negro and Citizenship," and this morning conducted a question drawer, which was decidedly interesting and full of warm discussion.

Riley's Additional Stanzas.

Chicago Journal.

James Whitcomb Riley, the gifted Hoosier poet, is a strong Republican. At the Harrison ratification meeting in Indianapolis he recited his poem, "When the Frost is on the Punkin," with the following two additional verses:

And they's still another idee 'at I ort to here append,
In a sort o' *nota beany*, for to taper off the end
In a manner more befittin' to a subject jes' in view,
Regardin' things in politics, and what we're goin' to do.

Along a little later, when affairs at Washington'
'At's been harrassin' us so long, has got to Harrison,
We're goin' to give man a seat, and set him where he k'sock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

Why He Will Vote for Harrison.

Ohio State Journal.

A representative of the *State Journal* was on the midnight Scioto Valley train coming to Columbus last Tuesday night. A number of workmen from the Portsmouth industries were on board going to spend the Fourth at Cincinnati. A stalwart man who labored in the blacksmith shop attached to one of the manufactories at Portsmouth listened for a time to a political discussion which some of his companions were carrying on. At last he spoke. "I've always been a Democrat," said he, "but this time I intend to vote for Harrison." "Oh, hell!" exclaimed another, "what difference does it make to you? You'll have to work in the blacksmith shop all the same whether Harrison or Cleveland is elected." "No" replied the ex-Democrat, "if Cleveland's elected on his platform there'll be no blacksmith shop to work in."

A lengthy speech, an essay or a volume could not have stated more lucidly the issue between protection and those who are seeking to deprive American workmen of wages and bread through the agency of the Mills bill and free trade.

Randall Not Silenced.

Brooklyn Union.

The administration has robbed Samuel J. Randall of his political power in the Pennsylvania machine, but has not been able to close his mouth. When he arraigned the department of Justice as "a sink of injustice" he dealt a terrible blow on the administration, because everybody will recognize its truth. As the *Sun* says, a considerable amount of the $350,000 extra expenditures of the department of Justice this year "goes into the pockets of the special counsel retained to assist in the prosecution of the executive telephone suit, commenced amid Pan-Electric hopes, which is still pursuing its expensive way toward certain and scandalous failure." But perhaps the *Sun* forgot to observe that "the noble old Roman," Allen G. Thurman, is one of these "special counsel."

Praise From Sir Hubert.

Indianapolis Sentinel, Dem.

We wish to do entire justice to General Harrison, and we, therefore, take pleasure in saying that his private life is unassailable. He is a clever lawyer and a ready and forcible public speaker. He is a man of reading and culture, and, if not brilliant on the stump, is industrious, energetic and painstaking.

He's Always Loaded.

Dayton Journal.

Governor Foraker, as usual, made the brilliant speech at the Cincinnati Centennial. He can't help it. It's a way he has.

Cleveland's War Record.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It is a mistake to say that Grover Cleveland had no war record. He sent a substitute to the army, and recently let him die in the poor house.

SOMNAMBULISM.

The Extraordinary Feats Performed by Persons When Asleep.

Rev. Dr. Buckley, in the July *Century*, contributes an article under the title of "Dreams, Nightmare and Somnambulism," from which we quote the following:

Somnambulism, in its simplest form, is seen when persons talk in their sleep. They are plainly asleep and dreaming; yet the connection, ordinarily broken, between the physical organs and the images passing through the mind is retained or resumed, in whole or in part. It is very common for children to talk more or less in their sleep; also many persons who do not usually do so are liable to mutter if they have overeaten, or are feverish or otherwise ill. Slight movements are very frequent. Many who do not fancy that they have ever exhibited the germs of somnambulism groan, cry out, whisper, move the hand, or foot, or head, plainly in connection with ideas passing through the mind. From these incipient manifestations of no importance somnambulism reaches frightful intensity and almost inconceivable complications.

Somnambulists in this country have recently perpetrated murders, have even killed their own children; they have carried furniture out of houses, wound up clocks, ignited conflagrations. A carpenter not long since arose in the night, went into his shop and began to file a saw; but the noise of the operation awoke him. The extraordinary feats of somnambulists in ascending to the roofs of houses, treading dangerous places and doing many other things which could not have done while awake have often been described, and in many cases made the subject of close investigation. Formerly it was believed by many that if they were not awakened they would in process of time return to their beds, and that there would not be any danger of serious accident happening to them. This has long been proved false. Many have fallen out of windows and been killed; and though some have skirted the brink of danger safely, the number of accidents to sleeping persons is great.

Essays have been written by somnambulists. A young lady, troubled and anxious about a prize for which she was to compete, involving the writing of an essay, arose from her bed in sleep and wrote a paper upon a subject upon which she had not intended to write when awake, and this essay secured for her the prize. The same person, later in life, while asleep selected an obnoxious paper from among several documents, put it in a cup, and set fire to it. She was entirely unaware of the transaction in the morning.

Intellectual work has sometimes been in ordinary dreams not attended by somnambulism. The composition of the "Kubla Khan" by Coleridge while asleep and of the "Devil's Sonata," by Tartini, are paralleled in a small way frequently. Public speakers often dream out discourses; and there is a clergyman now residing in the western part of New York state who, many years ago, dreamed that he preached a powerful sermon upon a topic, and delivered that identical discourse the following Sunday with great effect. But such compositions are not somnambulistic unless accompanied by some outward action at the time.

Witchcraft in Maine.

Fortunate it is that the days of belief in witches are over, else the stories now going the rounds of the papers might make it dangerous for somebody. The latest marvel, thus far, as chronicled by the Dexter *Gazette*, is a barn door that opens without hands. A Dexter man who drove into a yard in Cambridge, after trying the barn door and finding it fast, hitched his horse to the side of the barn. While the man was in the house, the horse broke loose and started for home, but becoming frightened by some men at work with a road machine, turned back and rushed for the barn, the doors of which obligingly opened to let him in, closing behind him. When the dozen men who witnesses the affair reached the barn, no one was to be seen, and the door stuck so badly that it was opened with difficulty.—*Lewiston Journal.*

Benjamin and Levi.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Benjamin and Levi—the baptismal names of the Republican candidates—are of good Scriptural origin:

And it came to pass as her (Rachel's) soul was in departing (for she died) that she called his name Benoni (son of my sorrow), but his father called him Benjamin (son of the right hand).—Genesis xxxv., 18.

The origin of the name Levi is thus given:

And she (Leah) conceived again and bare a son and said, Now this time will my husband be joined unto me because I have borne him three sons. Therefore was his name called Levi (joined).—Genesis xxix., 34.

Interesting to Sherman.

New York Sun.

This historical coincidence may interest John Sherman: In 1811 the grandfather of Ben Harrison licked Tecumseh's brother on the banks of the Tippecanoe. In 1888 William Henry Harrison's grandson licked Tecumseh's brother on the banks of the Chicago.

Excellent Doctrine.

Atlanta Constitution, Dem.

Give us the soldier first, last and all the time! The best friends of the South since the war have been the Northern veterans. The South's best workers, developers and wisest counsellors have been the men who wore the gray.

Melancholy Pleasure.

Cincinnati Times Star.

It gives the Democratic papers a melancholy pleasure to announce with more or less profundity that Harrison is a weak candidate. They will be hunting for explanations to let themselves down easy next November.

Veteran Whigs Rally for Harrison.

Norwalk Reflector.

The senior editor of this paper, then in the prime of manhood, worked and voted for the grandfather; this campaign he is going to do the same thing for the grandson.

Success Runs in State and Family.

Troy Chronicle.

An Ohio man has never been beaten for President of the United States. Ben Harrison will walk over the track and occupy the chair once filled by his illustrious ancestor.

But One Boom for the Whole Party.

Chicago Journal.

All the different booms are now united into one great boom and this big boom will make Gen. Harrison the next President of the United States.

No One.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mr. Sherman is not a profane man, but if he now and then mutters to himself, "Darn my buttons!" who shall blame him?

And That Notion is Growing.

Sioux City Journal.

The more that is known of Ben Harrison the more clearly it appears that he is all right.

Dress the Hair

With Ayer's Hair Vigor. Its cleanliness, beneficial effects on the scalp, and lasting perfume commend it for universal toilet use. It keeps the hair soft and silken, preserves its color, prevents it from falling, and, if the hair has become weak or thin, promotes a new growth.

"To restore the original color of my hair, which had turned prematurely gray, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor with entire success. I cheerfully testify to the

Efficacy

of this preparation."—Mrs. P. H. Davidson, Alexandria, La.

"I was afflicted some three years with scalp disease. My hair was falling out and what remained turned gray. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in a few weeks the disease in my scalp disappeared and my hair resumed its original color."—(Rev.) S. S. Sims, Pastor U. B. Church, St. Bernice, Ind.

"A few years ago I suffered the entire loss of my hair from the effects of tetter. I hoped that after a time nature would repair the loss, but I waited in vain. Many remedies were suggested, none, however, with such proof of merit as Ayer's Hair Vigor, and I began to use it. The result was all I could have desired. A growth of hair soon came out all over my head, and grew to be as soft and heavy as I ever had, and of a natural color, *and firmly set.*"—J. H. Pratt, Spofford, TEXAS.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

A Man Nearly Eighty Years Old on His Way From Oregon to Maine on Foot—The Progress Made.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., July 10.—Last night a man 79 years of age, Charles D. Carpenter by name, arrived in St. Joseph. He is engaged in walking from Astoria, Ore., to Portland, Me., on a wager, and is confident of winning. He was for 51 years a sailor, and during the late war served in the army and navy. In spite of all the hardships he has encountered, he is as strong and spry as a man of 40. His usual weight is 180 pounds, but the long walk has reduced it to 140 pounds. He never eats cooked meats of any kind, but subsists entirely on raw beef, ham and cooked vegetables.

Last winter he left New York on a steamer bound for Astoria, Ore., and went around Cape Horn. In Astoria he one day made a short walk for a bet and so pleased a number of sporting men by his powers of locomotion that they offered him $2,000 if he would walk against another man from Astoria to Portland, Me. He at once consented. The other man was found in the person of an Irishman named Patrick Martin. The gentlemen who got up the match wagered $10,000 on the result, and the two left Astoria on March 14. The distance he has traveled so far is 2,750 miles.

Carpenter has kept posted as to the whereabouts of Martin, and finds that he is 450 miles ahead of him. At every important city he has to make oath before a notary as to the distance he has walked. This affidavit is mailed to parties at Astoria. Mr. Carpenter is something of an artist, and has made sketches of the mountain peaks and other scenery along the line of his march. He is very confident of being the winner in this novel race, and will then write a book chronicling some of his adventures, the sale of which, together with the $2,000 he expects, will keep him in comfort for the rest of his life. He is a native of Vermont.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

A Cheap Method of Producing Aluminum.

NEWPORT, Ky., July 10.—Experiments here, the details of which were made public to-day, have resulted in an ordinary discovery, if the statements made by those interested can be relied upon. The discovery is that aluminum, which now costs $20,000 a ton, and is produced only in France, can be obtained anywhere by a most simple process, and at less than 100th part the present cost. The importance of such a discovery can be judged when it is recollected that aluminum is the most generally diffused metal on earth, and has all the beauty of silver, besides being non-tarnishing, non-corrosive, more lasting than silver, with only one-fourth its weight. In addition, aluminum alloyed one-tenth of 1 per cent. with iron or steel increases the homogeneous and tensile strength of the metal nearly half, while for electro-plating purposes it is superior to either gold or silver. The experiments began in an attempt to extract aluminum chemically from common clay and cryolite. This was accomplished in a novel manner, and the operators obtained these by metallic aluminum, chemically pure.

Their method was based upon the theory of substitution and smelting the ore in a water-jacketed steel furnace—a crucible being useless to resist the strong fluoride fluxes. When the mass was quite liquid it was conveyed into a converter or covered slag-pot holding about 400 pounds, and the aluminum extracted therefrom by a syphon tap. The slag was returned to the furnace, serving the purpose of a flux with more ore. This direct continuous process obviated the necessity of the usual costly intermediary elements, and made the aluminum about as cheap as copper.

JOHN ZACHAR'S CASE.

His Mind Clear but Growing Much Weaker on the Fiftieth Day of His Fast.

RACINE, Wis., July 10.—A large number of people visited John Zachar, the Caledonia faster, yesterday. It was the fiftieth day of his remarkable fast. Zachar talked pleasantly with his visitors on all subjects but that of his fast. On that he enjoined silence.

He has grown perceptibly weaker in the last three days, his eyes have a tired look, the lids droop, and his voice is very weak.

He still has strength enough to walk from the house to the tree, under which he can be found at any hour of the day.

There he dozes off, sleeping but a short time. He appears to suffer no pain. Dr. Noyes says that he found Zachar's pulse at 45, his tongue clean and his mind apparently unclouded. The doctor believes that his fast is genuine.

Dr. Hay says that the case possesses no value whatever to science, as there was not proof that Zachar had not eaten food during the past 51 days. Zachar's relatives, however, insist that he has not partaken of food of any nature.

That Old Bandana.

Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

The old red wipe is a lamentable failure. Beside the red, white and blue it betrays a fatal lack of dignity and decency. From a thousand sad Democratic hearts rises the plaintive sigh:

"Could I but stand where Thurman stands,
And view the landscape o'er,
I'd fold my red bandana up,
And flourish it no more."

Publishers' Column.

A VALUABLE BOOK FOR FARMERS' WIVES.

Fruit, Pastes and Syrups: By Shirley Dare No. 1 of House Interest series.

Thousands of readers tested this manual last year and agree that few books have more interest and value for housekeepers and fruit growers. The new edition, 1888, bespoken before it went to press, has added recipes, giving fullest methods of keeping fruit. Canning without wax or patent covers; crystallizing fruit which sells at 50 to 60 cents a pound; the best way of making orange marmalade, and the new fruit honey without sugar, as fine as maple syrup. This one discovery, on which the author was first to experiment in this country, must double if not treble the profits of the fruit crop.

No fruit grower can afford to be without this book. Sent post-paid for 25 cents.

PORTRAIT OF GEN. SHERIDAN.

The BLADE portrait of Gen. Sheridan is the best one ever published, and the finest of all the portraits of eminent men issued by the Blade Co. We have made arrangements in anticipation of a large demand for this portrait. Sen postpaid by mail in heavy pasteboard tube on receipt of 25 cents. Agents will write for wholesale terms.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

GIVE GOOD GIFTS.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

It sometimes seems to me that in the universal selfishness of the world, which prompts to do much that is wrong, which makes neighbor try to overreach neighbor, which produces the competition that builds one's prosperity upon another's adversity, that pulverizes to powder the character of a person to make way for the rearing of some colossal tower of ambition—it seems to me, I say, that in our revolt from this, we are apt to be too well satisfied if we and our friends reach the simply reasonably moral standpoint where we are honest, pay our debts and discharge our every-day obligations without troubling ourselves to go beyond, or to inquire whether there may not be some higher spiritual good that we may attain, and help others to reach.

It is, after all, a sort of negative goodness that holds us content with simply doing what really is only our plain duty to those among whom our lot is cast, without going out of our way, or making some effort to accomplish something beyond. It is our business to do our daily work well, to be honest and painstaking in our dealings one with another, and there is really, when it is looked at aright, no especial merit in the matter, nor would it be so looked upon had not the world gone so far the other way in its mad rush after wealth and what wealth brings. I verily believe that if this striving for money could be blotted off from the fair face of creation, nine-tenths of what we call evil would disappear.

When we rise out of this, when we advance beyond the apparent limits of our obligations, when we begin to realize that we shall advance higher and higher into the spiritual atmosphere, according as we yield a ready response to the demands made upon us outside of that limit, then will life really begin to mean all that it should, and we ourselves grow in the heartfelt grace of love to our neighbor.

We are very apt to make thrift mean a shutting in of ourselves from the opportunities to do good to others. Be just before you are generous, is a very good rule, but it may be carried into sheer selfishness. And to tell the truth, I have yet to see an individual who was ever ready to answer to the needs of his fellow creatures, who gave generously yet wisely and not simply to get rid of trouble, that, other things being equal, ever came to want. We are too apt to stop and calculate just how much self-sacrifice will thus be entailed upon us, to look about for reasons why it were better that we should withhold rather than give.

Remember, I am not talking simply about money gifts. It is something beyond that, for it includes an expenditure of time, of energy, of thought for those who, perhaps, to our judgment needlessly lack in those qualities which are necessary to secure material success. And when all this seems burdensome we are apt to bring excuses, just as the unprofitable servants did to Jesus, why we do not answer to these demands. We have no right, we say, to impoverish ourselves in money and strength, for people who do not think for themselves. To a certain extent we are right in thus thinking, but the danger lies in letting that thought develop into arrant selfishness.

I was reading the other day in the Boston *Traveller* about the late MR. Bronson Alcott, so well known in Boston and so loved, and this was what was said:

Never did he refuse a request, however unjust it might be. The demand that a less angelic spirit would have regarded as an imposition, was by him accounted all joy, and met with a generous sweetness that in more than one instance completely changed the character of the receiver. No beggar went empty-handed from his door. A struggling worker, who asked of him counsel or aid, was sure to be sent from it without his best thought for his clew. And the material world looked on and said: "Behold, this man is a dreamer and an idler. He is improvident. His money slips through his hands as through a sieve. He is a dreamer of dreams, a singer of idle songs, and lacks all the thrift and care that been at all civilized." Years of his life went on, what do we see? To this man who took no thought for the morrow, in a narrow and material way, the material blessings of life began flowing toward; to this man, who had lost his life in countless spontaneous sacrifices, his life returned; he had made his karma, as the theosophists would say, he had reaped of generous deeds, of noble, generous thought, of personal holiness, and swift was the result. Hardly more than half his life in this world had gone by ere, through measures undreamed of, there set toward him the current of worldly prosperity as well as of honor and regard and universal love.

The truth is we do not look aright upon this matter of giving either of effort or money to others. It is they who are to receive the entire benefit according to our mind; ours only is the sacrifice. In a vague sort of way we feel that we ought to try and lessen the sum of human misery, but it is done without a thought that it is to the giver that the greatest blessing always comes. And could we cast away that gnawing anxiety about the fortune, that "hard, painful utilitarian painstaking," as some one has called it, and live in greater trust, life as a whole would be far more joyous as well as generous.

The same writer quoted above says:

There is no more potent that can be brought to act on what we are accustomed to call practical affairs than to spiritualize the present. We are spirits now, and living in a spiritual world, even though the spirit must act through this instrument, the body, and must deal with material agencies; and it is keeping this truth in mind that will enable us to act in accordance with spiritual laws. Instead of giving grudgingly, let us give joyfully, realizing that it is an opportunity for spiritual investment, and so, figuratively speaking, if we are asked to go with a man one mile we go with him twain. The result of the noblest form of spiritual endeavor is the creation of spiritual energy, and this energy is the infinite force which transforms life, which transmutes its crude materiality into the form that most satisfies our longings; it is, in short, the force that opens for us the gates, the successive gates of life. "Life is a search after power," says Emerson, but it is a search after that most potent form of power, spiritual energy.

It is power that we, that everybody wants, power to order our lives so as to gain the greatest possible happiness, and what bungling work most of us make. It is because our care and anxiety are directed so largely to material things, not just those that demand our attention to-day, but those which may come forward next week, next year or even the more distant future. There is nothing, however, more certain than that every duty of to-day well met assures us of energy for the morrow's work, and the fuller we fill each day with good work for our fellow beings, the greater the power we bring to bear upon every undertaking of our lives. The fact that men who are the most selfish seem to have the greatest material success does not militate against this truth, for these people are, by no means the happiest, and their very wealth often defeats the carrying out of the vital purposes of life, and leaves them utterly poverty-stricken in spirit.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

PRETTY PORTIERE.—Get dark blue denim. Take blue and white bed ticking and cut in strips six inches wide. Cover the white stripes with fancy stitches in different colors, and the blue with gold colored silk. The result will be stripes with Persian effects. Stitch these across the denim using fancy stitches for the edges. Put these strips about 10 inches apart. Of course a per on can use their own taste about that, as also about the width of the strips themselves.—ED.

ART NOTES.—OIL COLORS FOR NASTURTIUMS.—To paint the light yellow ones, use light cadmium, white, vermilion, toned with a little raw umber and ivory black, for the general tone. In the shadows add a little burnt sienna and permanent blue, and use yellow ocher in the half tints. For the orange ones, use orange cadmium white, raw umber, and a little madder lake for the general tone, add a little ivory black, burnt sienna and permanent blue for the shadows. For dark rich red ones, use madder lake, bone brown and burnt sienna, with a little white where needed. Use ivory black in the shadows and lights, with a little permanent blue. In this flower there is a velvety surface light, which plays over the darkest and richest petals. After laying in the petal in the dark colors above, put this light on with a few careful touches and do not blend. Use ivory black, white, permanent blue and a little light red to give this light. One must have the natural flower before them to put this on. To paint the leaves use antwerp blue, white, cadmium, raw umber, ivory black and vermilion. In the shadows use burnt sienna in place of vermilion. Paint the stems with zinober green, toned with white, black, cadmium and vermilion.

JACQUEMINOT ROSES.—To paint these most lovely of roses, use madder lake, ivory black, and a little cobalt, with white for the general tone, making the most brilliant light with vermilion and madder lake, adding white where needed. If possible study this use from nature as much depends upon observing carefully the half tints and reflected lights. For the leaves use zinober green, with cadmium, white, vermilion, ivory black, antwerp blue, and burnt sienna.

MOURELLA ROSES.—For these use yellow ocher, white, a little raw umber, vermilion, madder lake and black; add cadmium in the reflected lights, and in the shadows, to the olive colors add ivory black, burnt sienna and cobalt. The leaves are the same as olive, but much lighter green.—MONTANA MAY.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s k, slip and knit; t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—ch, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; tr ch st, treble chain stitch; o s h st, oblique chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

LACE FOR TRIMMING.—Cast on 12 stitches, knit across. First row—s 1—k 1—tto—n—tto—n—tto—n—tto—k 4. 2d row—All even rows knit pl in. 3d row—s 1—k 1—tto—n—tto—n—tto—n—tto—k 5. 4th row—s 1—k—k 1—tto—n—tto—n—tto—n—tto—k 6. 7th row—s 1—k 1—tto—n—tto—n—tto—n—tto—k 7. 9th row—s 1—k 1—tto—n—tto—n—tto—n—tto—k 8. 11th row—s 1—k 1—tto—n—tto—n—tto—n—tto—k 9. 13th row—s 1—k 1—tto—n—tto—n—tto—n—tto—k 10. 15th row—s 1—n—tto—n—tto—n—tto—n—tto—n—tto—n—tto—n—tto—n—tto—n—k 7. 19th row—s 1—n—tto—n—tto—n—tto—n—tto—n—k 6. 21st row—s 1—n—tto—n—tto—n—tto—n—tto—n—tto—n—k 5. 23d row—s 1—n—tto—n—tto—n—tto—n—k 4.

ANTIMACASSAR.—A most comfortable antimacassar for an easy chair, as it fits its back and cannot easily become displaced, is thus described. It is worked with cream and pink macrame thread and a steel hook of medium size. Begin with cream thread with a sufficient length of chain for the top of the back of the chair; probably about 52 chain will be enough, but if more are necessary count them in multiples of six. 1st row—Work 3 d c in the 5th ch from the needle—3 ch—3 more d c in the same st—miss 2—1 s c in the next—miss 2—3 double in the next—3 ch—3 more d c in the same place, and repeat from *. 2d row—3 ch to turn—3 dc under the loop of 3 ch—3 ch—3 more dc in the same place—1 s c on the s c—3 dc—3 ch—3 dc under the next loop of 3 ch; repeat from *. 3d row—Same as last row, and increase one pattern at the end. 4th row—The same, and again increase at the end; work two rows in pattern, then two rows with increase at the end of each; work seven rows in pattern, then work in the same manner one row with pink thread, one row with cream thread, two rows with pink and fasten. Now commence upon the opposite side of foundation chain, and proceed as directed for the other half of the antimacassar; as each row is turned catch with a slip stitch into the turning of the corresponding row in the work already done. For the border, work with pink thread one single crochet in the first of the double stitches—7 ch—1 s c in the 4th ch from the needle—*4 ch—1 s c in the 3d ch from the needle; repeat from * till seven picots are done, then one single crochet in the same chain as the first picot is worked into—1 s c on the next double stitch, and so on all around the bottom of the antimacassar, making three loops of the picoted border to each pattern of the crochet. Take one and one-half yards of old gold inch-wide satin ribbon, cut it in two pieces, run one in the 17th row of the crochet and tie in a bow on each side of the antimacassar.—*The Dorcas.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

TAXIDERMY.—Take a squirrel for example, lay it on its back, tail toward you, and with your scalpel (or penknife) cut through the skin from about two inches back of the forward legs to the tail, and skin the left leg (to you), and to the center of the back, then turn it end for end, and skin the right leg to the center of the back; then skin back toward the tail, skin the tail by putting it in a cleft stick and drawing it through, which leaves the tail skin whole. Turn the skin wrong side out as fast as you can, skin it down to the back to the forward legs, then the neck to the head, locate the ears, and be very careful to cut them close to the head. The eyes are next, a person must needs be very careful here not to cut the lids or even them.

The whole skin should be cut off instead of forced off or inflated. Skin to the tip of the nose, cut the neck in close to the head, take out the brains, and eys and tongue, and if there are any fleshy parts, slid them up and rub thoroughly with preparation; fill the brains cavity with it and put some in the eye sockets, then fill the eye sockets with putty. Next the skin should be rubbed with the preparation all over. Skin the hind legs only to the knee joints, the front legs to the feet. Turn the skin right side out, take a wire, the size according to the size of the animal, about three inches longer than the animal, tail included; sharpen one end and put it through the center of the skull, through the body and tail; then stuff with excelsior or sawdust or tow. Excelsior is the cheapest and best. If you use excelsior, fill the legs with sawdust. Be sure and stuff it firm and even. When it is stuffed, sew it up with a strong thread, "ball stitch." Then take two wires, the screw size as the other, and nearly as long, sharpen one end, put it in the under side of the hind leg, midway between the knee and foot, cross the body and out the center of the opposite front leg in the center of the foot. The same with the other. The next thing is to see how little you know about how an animal ought to look, for the next is to take a board the right size and bore four holes in it where you think the feet should be; insert the wires and staple in a gouged crease from each hole on the under side of the board, and shape the animal as natural as you can. Some can put the first one up as good as any; others will need a good deal of practice before according whether you notice the position of birds and animals when you see them or do not. The following is the receipt for the preparation:

Alum, ¼ lb.
Camphor gum, powdered, 2 oz.
Corrosive sublimate, 2, 3 or 4 oz.
Arsenic, 1 lb.

Salts of Tartar is good, except for white plumaged birds. Use artificial eyes.

I would like to correspond with some good taxidermist in some of the southern states.

Hoping those who wish to learn the art can understand what I have written I remain.—CLARENCE W. W. BIRCH, Leonidas, Mich.

P. S.—Sew up the mouth and put a little cotton in front of the eyes.

ABOUT CHILDREN.—To the anxious mother of the BLADE of June 9 I will say, do not send your boy to school at all until he is at least 10 years old. Then before you let him go, spend an hour in looking over the school-house, outbuildings and fence, and, my word for it, you will go home and wait two years longer before you can consent to allow him to meet so much evil. I have taught in primary schools where it made my heart ache to see these contaminating influences at work upon innocent, carefully reared children just beginning their school life, and I have no hesitancy in declaring the evil too great for one teacher to overcome. The work must be done in the home, and the polluted ones do not always come from homes of misery or poverty. If the teacher were sustained by the people, then more could be accomplished. But people have said to me—and the best people of the community, too, as society estimates them, "Oh, they will learn those things some day; you can't help that, and they may as well learn them now." Then when a polluted mind led to a polluted intemperate life, the whole town wondered. Was it not what might have been expected?

I declare to you, mothers, that the greatest trial of my life has been to protect my children from—my friends.

It is easy enough to keep off the dirty little street Arab, but the velvet, dimity and lace of your esteemed friend is not to be ignored by plain people like yourself, with old-fashioned ways and ideas. But after one sad experience I have determined to trust no child on earth—not even my own—long alone, without watching. I believe if I can keep evil, and particularly sensual thoughts and actions out of my children's minds and hearts until they are ten years old—and as long afterward as possible—meantime cultivating all true, pure and lovely occupation of heart and mind—they will never receive them kindly, and can never fully overcome a sense of repugnance to them.

This is my aim, and to this end I have taught my 8-year-old boy, literally, all he knows. It is not so hard when you make a place for it as faithfully as you do your baking or mending. My boy reads well, has gone through the third reader, and is now reading an elementary physiology. I am particularly anxious that he should have a knowledge of things, created beings, etc., so have always called his attention to plants and their methods of growth. We have many long talks, and in one of these I explained the growth of the human life in embryo, spoke of it tenderly and reverently, until the tears stood in the eyes of both my boys, and it was inspiring to see them reverently touch and kiss their baby brother, whose advent had before been such a mystery.

O, mothers, we can do much for our children if we will but be faithful and vigilant. But the work of saving our children is not to be done by political parties, nor either temperance or other benevolent societies. Indeed I have been amazed to see the lack of concern which even W. C. T. U. women manifest in the moral welfare of their children at this tender of age. But no woman's example can be a complete guide for you and I. Because others do or do not do so and so does not lessen our responsibility. If we fail to occupy this most precious time—the first ten years of a child's life—God has no place in his created universe where we can make up the time lost.

But my letter is getting too long. I can not find place to stop on this subject. Let us hear from others.—INEZ.

LILIES.—Year by year the same sweet blossoms come back with gracious greeting. And to-day their snowy bloom recalls a sad, sweet story, that sets all the pulses throbbing, not with the passion such as the red rose's splendor excites, but with the memories that bide with Time, the tender and true.

These dear blossoms in my hand have wrought a miracle. Once more I see a friend walking in childhood's sunny paths, with sunshine and glow all around her. There are blooming flowers, flowing waters, and birds gaily singing, while fragrance-freighted winds are blowing to and fro over wide fields.

The years glide on, and a youthful maiden stands with her lover beneath a summer moon. She wears the lily's pure beauties on her dress. Tender eyes look down into her own, and duty with love is one.

He takes her to his hearth a happy bride, to make glad all his after home-coming. On either side a mass of bloom makes fragrant the little walk. And this heartsome perfume lingers on every path her feet have trod.

These were the first flowers she placed within her baby's fingers.

As, with odorous completeness, they crowned all of life's delight, so they bound their diadem of sweetness on the brow of death. Above the still and faithful breast where her every wishes said, the flowers she loved best were placed, and one left his heart amid them.

In all life's storm and stress and fret, its waiting and its working, the touches are light that set its sweetest chords in motion.

Youth, love, childhood sweet, and dearer days departed; these all meet and are recalled in the single form of the honey-hearted lilies.—KATE MILAN.

A BEAUTIFUL TRUTH.—The following, which we believe is well worth publishing, is an extract from a letter to a friend, written by Prof. P. H. Finfrock, principal of Wilmot Academy, Wilmot, Kan., on the death of his brother:

"The immortal soul which had felt no rest for fifteen weary days and nights longed for freedom from its mortal perished prison, and when it heard the edict for its release it told its joy by painting a smile of repose on the dying face. Oh! that was not death, for to him the storm-clouds of sorrow and suffering broke; the star of hope then shone brightest, and the reward of faith was realized. Dear parents and friends in his last moment he said: "They are all here." Surely a choir from the hosts of heaven had come to escort my beloved brother, the weary wanderer, home from a house of clay to the mansion of light in the summer land of song." Wichita, Kan.

INQUIRIES.

If any person living on the prairies and having to raise their own groves from seed, will send me stamped envelope I will send as much seed as will be allowed of the box alder, a tree that grows faster than soft maple does here, far more compact, and not so easy to split in wind storms as the maple. We have ten trees in our yard quite full of seed, have been planted six years, and are very handsome shade trees, nearest like hard maple for density of foliage and beauty that I know of; seed is very like hard maple for shape and bulk; must be planted soon as possible.—MRS. C. M. GREGG, Parrish, DesMoines Co., Ia.

What is Tapioca, a grain that grows, or is it manufactured and where is its origin? —C.

Will some one of the HOUSEHOLD please send recipe for canning green peas and beans?—SUBSCRIBER.

Will some of the readers of the BLADE be so kind as to send the poems called "The Drunkard's Lone Child," and "Lips That Touch Liquor Shall Never Touch Mine," or any piece that is appropriate to read at a temperance meeting? Any one sending those will please send to MISS SARAH KELSO, East Elmira, Otsego Co., Mich.

I want a good reliable recipe to break (soften) hard well water to wash clothes, hands, etc., without injury to either. Want to know the name of each article and quantity to be used to break about 50 gallons at one time. Perhaps some of your worthy readers would know.—F. EICHENBERGER, Millersburg, O.

I would say to the HOUSEHOLD that I live in the Blue Mountains in Eastern Oregon, 120 miles from any railroad. I am the mother of ten children who have not the advantages of the public school. We came here one year ago to get us a home. We are poor in purse and have not means to buy much reading matter for our family of little folks, but would be glad if any who read this have any old Sunday school papers or books would send them to us they would be very thankfully received.—MRS. MARY HABERMAN, Long Creek, Grant Co., Or.

Will not some one tell me how professional clothes cleaners clean the clothes, and what is generally the price for a suit? Any one answering will confer a great favor on one who may want to take up this as a means of livelihood. Also, please tell me how to make sticky fly paper.—M. W.

I would ask if there is any one in the HOUSEHOLD fraternity that will be kind enough to tell me how to put cucumbers for pickle away in brine. I mean in the old way our grandmothers used to do, so they will keep long, firm and crisp. And I will mention here for the benefit of all who may read that I have rid my vines from the insects prone to infest them by the free use of powdered sulphur sifted around them. I find it is well to watch after planting, and apply the remedy just as the germ unfolds above the ground.

I would also ask is the forest elm a desirable tree for shading? I had one set out near my window because I admire the foliage. The leaf in formation and shade of color to me is most beautiful. The tree was doing well, until of late I noticed its beauty marred, and when I began to search for the cause, I found a number of ugly looking worms clinging to the under part of the leaf. They are in size about like the common ague worm, without its peculiar coating, though flecked with tufts similar. The leaf is formed in the same shape of color to me is most beautiful. The tree was doing well, until of late I noticed its beauty marred, and when I began to search for the cause, I found a number of ugly looking worms clinging to the under part of the leaf. They are in size about like the common ague worm, without its peculiar coating, though flecked with tufts similar. I sent all I could find among the "woodbines" repose. Now is there anything about this kind of tree that would invite such disaster yearly? Miss Bouton, should I desire to sometime come again, will there be a little secluded corner in the HOUSEHOLD inscribed to me?—ANNA BARBRA.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

If "Subscriber" will dip her broom in water and then shake it till the water ceases to drip from it and then sweep her carpet, I think she will be pleased with the result; or damp tea leaves sprinkled over the carpet is very good. They seem to brighten the carpet and no dust arises, only be careful not to get them too wet.

If "A Friend" will send to me her address, I will send her instructions for making a very handsome lace pattern with insertion to match. I would gladly send it through the HOUSEHOLD, but the instructions would take up too much valuable room. Send to ADELE M. DEERING, 6 Hoffman street, Auburn, N. Y.

Please tell "Bess" that I saved by rose bushes from the bugs and worms by sifting common street dirt over them. Insect powder is also good. The sifting ought to be done before the roses are in bloom.

If E. E. W. will use common starch in place of flour for paste I think she will like it. It is to be cooked just the same as any other paste; make it as thin or as thick as you want it. A professional paper hanger gave me this receipt.

If "Rena" will send me her address I will send her instructions for making a new and very beautiful lambrequin of macreme cord. There are two places for ribbon to be run through, but you need use but one.

I have an exquisite new lace, called "English Point" which I will send to any one that wants it, if they will send stamped envelope. I would send instructions to the HOUSEHOLD for the benefit of all, but I do not know how to write them from the pattern. I would like to exchange crocheted lace for printed or written instructions.—Adele M. Deering, 6 Hoffman street, Auburn, N. Y.

Some one asked not long since, how to color a white straw hat grey. It can be done by first washing the hat in warm water, and then applying with a cloth a weak dye made from black diamond dye. Test the color first upon the inside of the hat. It will probably take several washings with the dye, and should be used hot. If the washings do not produce the desired effect, put it into a kettle and boil in a weak dye. Dry in the shade. Mrs. A. J. can color her cotton and wool goods brown with diamond dye, also, and by closely following directions is sure of success. S. S. I once had a traveling case which I think would suit you. It was made as follows, of heavy twilled gray flannel: A piece 52 inches long by 18 inches, was bound at both ends with braid of the same shade. These ends were folded back to form pockets 12 inches deep, and sewed up at the sides. This was now bound all around with gros grain ribbon, and at the bottom of each pocket, 7 inches from the ends, was sewed a handle made of clothesline covered with gray ribbon. On the inside the pockets had two elastic loops each, which buttoned over buttons and held them closed. I omitted to say that before the pockets were turned in the flannel lining was lined with grey satin. One pocket was divided in the center, one side being just large enough to contain a traveling dressing case. On the outside the owner's monogram was embroidered in large rustic letters in pink and green chenille. It is large enough to contain the dressing case and night robe in one side and a traveling shawl or water proof in the other, besides sundry clean handkerchiefs, collars, hose, etc., that every body needs, no matter how short the journey. A friend made one very much the same, out of pretty dark table oil cloth for a school bag, and next Christmas I shall send a girl I know one made of the same oil cloth, bound with blue ribbon with a monogram and wreath of wild roses painted upon one side.

To prevent lamp chimneys from breaking, I put them on the stove in a kettle of cold water and let them boil. I do the same with all glassware, and always wash glass in hot water without soap.—MONTANA MAY.

Mrs. L. B., the common earthern pot, such as is used by the florists, is the best for all kinds of plants cultivated in soil, because they are porous, allowing moisture to pass off through their sides as well as though the hole in the bottom, placed there to insure good drainage. But fancy glazed pots may be used for plants which require a large amount of moisture, like the caladias, or for forcing crocuses, hyacinths and similar kinds of bulbs in spring. But as a rule house plants do not do well in glazed pots.—H. S.

In answer to inquiries, the lady who wished information concerning patents will find it in *St. Nicholas* for April.

If the crew of the Life Saving station in Washington will send me their address and postage I will forward books, magazines, etc.

To sufferers from ivy poison pease say that sweet spirits of nitre is a sure and painless cure. Apply to the blisters with a feather. If the poison is very severe a drop or two may be taken internally three times a day. I have used coperas, lime, soda, etc., and found the cure almost as bad as the disease. I have this remedy from a physician. It will cure in twenty-four hours.

Have any of the BLADE readers a book entitled "Buffalo Land," written, I think, by E. W. Webb, which they will part with? If so, please address SHARLOT M. HALL, Pyua Fria, Arizona.

RECIPES.

TOMATO SOUP.—To 1 pt. of tomatoes, peeled and cut up fine add 1 qt. of boiling water and boil, then add 1 teaspoonful of soda. When it foams add 1 pt. of sweet rich milk with salt, pepper and tablespoonful of butter and a teacupful of rolled crackers and serve equal to oyster soup.—C. M. G.

PASTE TO PUT ON WALL PAPER WITH.—Take codfish skin, put in a kettle of cold water and set on the stove and boil for half an hour. Strain off the water and thicken to a little flour, wet up in cold water to get the lumps out and stir in the codfish water, after putting back in the kettle and let boil a few minutes. Must not have too thick as it will make the paper crack.

It don't take near as much flour as the other way, and the codfish skin is almost like glue. You can save the skin from cod fish as you eat it; dry it and keep it for years; put it in for paper hanging; dry in a dry place; it only needs more soaking to fit it for use. I hope I have written this plainly, so you can all understand it. About the quantity you can use your own judgment, according to the amount of paste you want. MRS. ALONZO, McK.

BROWN ON COTTON.—For MRS. A. J. Five pound goods, one pound catechu. Soak catechu over night, then boil before you put in the goods. If cotton boil two hours; woolen, simmer two hours; take out and put through weak lye, rinse and hang in sun; dark brown, dip in sugar lead and potash. A SUBSCRIBER.

CUCUMBER KETCHUP.—Peel and grate 12 large cucumbers, and lay in a deep dish with 1 teacupful of salt. Let it stand until the next morning. Then lay it on a fine sieve; when well drained, put in vinegar to make it of proper consistence, and season with pepper. Bottle and seal.

SPICED GRAPE KETCHUP.—For this purpose Isabellas or Concords are the best. Pulp 12 lbs. of grapes, saving the skins. Put the pulp in 1 pt. of boiling water. Cook it a few minutes and strain it through a sieve to extract the seeds. Put the skins to the pulp and add 6 lbs. of brown sugar; boil slowly 1 hour. When done add 1 dessertspoonful each of cloves, allspice and cinnamon. Seal hot in jars.

GOOSEBERRY KETCHUP.—Wash 9 qts. of gooseberries carefully, rubbing off the blossoms. Pour in enough water to about cover them and cook slowly in a porcelain kettle, adding 6 lbs. of brown sugar, a little at a time, until it has cooked 3 hours. When done add 1 tablespoonful of ground cloves, 1 of cinnamon, 1 of ginger, also 1 pt. of good vinegar. Bottle hot in large mouthed bottles. Seal with cement.

HORSERADISH VINEGAR.—Scald 1 qt. of vinegar and pour boiling hot over 6 tablespoonfuls of scraped or grated horseradish; add 1 tablespoontul of white sugar. Steep a week, strain and bottle.

TOMATO KETCHUP.—Slice ½ bu. tomatos and heat in oven 2 hours; drain before cooking; use liquor for cooking. Put 1 oz. allspice, 1 oz. cloves, ½ oz. cinnamon, 1 oz. pepper, 1 oz. mace, and 1 oz. ginger root in a bag and boil with the tomatos.

Your House on Fire.

Not the house of wood, or brick, or stone, in which you live, but your bodily tenement—the terrible danger from smouldering fire which you have no effort to quench. The great danger from impure blood is that it debilitates the system, and the digestive organs grow weak and inactive. Hood's Sarsaparilla combines the best kidney and liver invigorators, with the best alteratives and tonics, all from the vegetable kingdom, carefully and understandingly prepared in a concentrated form. It purifies, vitalizes, and enriches the blood, and tones up the system, giving the whole body vitality, and effectually guarding it against the attacks of disease.

The Chicago Way of Doing It.

"You and Bill seem to be firm friends."
"We are like Damon and Pythias."
"Did he ever prove it?"
"Yes."
"How?"
"He told me he was going to elope with my wife."
"And did he?"
"Yes. I was at the train to bid them good-bye."

Homesick.

"Ah me," sighed a disconsolate emigrant down in Pennsylvania, "I wisht dot I hat me money enough to take me to Germany back already." "And suppose I give you the money," said his kind hearted employer. "By chiminy, I shtart for Kansas dis afternoon!"—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

Our Young Folks.

OLD MOTHER GRIMES.

BY ROD ERIC PORTER.

Old Mother Grimes is dead and gone,
We ne'er shall see her more;
She used the same old blue teapot
Her grand-dame used before.

That ancient urn—Dame Grimes's pride—
The pilgrim Mayflower bore
Across Atlantic's stormy wave
To Plymouth's rocky shore.

Now by this teapot hangs a tale,
A tale of hope and fear;
A tale, though told in accents old,
'Twere well for you to hear.

For the dame's maid, as oft she spread
The evening meal with care,
Did look with longing eyes upon
This piece of ancient ware.

And when the "blue-glass" wave rolled o'er
This land of rose and fern,
Sweet Susy longed, anew, to be
Possessed of this blue urn.

So she did seek convenient time
To beg the ancient dame
To leave to her—and in her will—
This piece of ancient fame.

And so the dame, in merry mood,
Nor thought what she did do,
Said, "When I have no need for tea,
I'll leave the pot to you."

Time rolled apace, the dame was old,
Fast was growing older;
Likewise her maid was getting bold,
Aye, was getting bolder;

For, though she'd wed, she lived hard by,
But just across the way,
Nor other care than "get that pot"
Disturbed her, night or day.

And as the dame took to her bed,
Perhaps no more to rise,
Her maid was on a sharp lookout
To save this "blue-glass" prize;

Until her haste got better of
Discretion, caution, all;
For, truth to tell, she took the pot
From out the cupboard tall;

And asked each day, from o'er the way,
"Is good Dame Grimes *yet* dead?"
Till sent anxiety to spread
Provoke comment to spread.

Yet all unconscious quite was she
Of how the gossip grew;
For had she not the teapot safe?
Why further care pursue?

But oft the sick some whim do take,
And so Dame Grimes did do;
And 'twas that she should have some tea,
Made in her teapot blue.

But though they searched both high and low,
'Twas nowhere to be found—
Only one of fresh scoured tin,
That long had lain around.

But such dismay, on faces long,
Could scarce escape the dame,
Till 'twas suggested Sue might know
Where they might find the same.

Then Susy's tears flowed thick and fast,
Her anguish was extreme,
"To see the hopes of all these years
Now vanish as a dream."

For she, instead the blue glass pot,
Now got the "scoured tin,"
She'd worked so long, with sand and song,
To brighten, out and in.

Now from this tale may well be seen
This moral to be drawn:
Before you step into "old shoes,"
Be sure the owner's gone.

Unless you do, you'll surely rue,
And have to take a pot
That's made of tin, both old and then,
Whether you will or not.

LITTLE PEGGIE AND I.

BY B. LEE.

For the Young Folks.

We are two of a family of six little white rats. They all somehow looked up to me, as I was the biggest. But Peggie, she was always a little good-for-nothing, so I naturally thought it my duty to be her protector. Oh dear! there is that horried hired girl taking our cage down from the wall, and all those children waiting there to see us. Yes, and here is a grimey little hand coming in after me. Mother! father! why don't you bite it, scratch it, or do something? Now, that's right, good little Peggie; let them get you. You are so little it don't matter much if they do squeeze and rumpie you up. There are two ladies looking at us too. I must show them how smart I am. I'll stand up on my hind legs, wash my face a little and nibble a grain of corn, while I wink my "little pink eyes" at them. I heard one of them speak of my eyes that way.

Poor little Peggie, how she squeaks; I hope they won't break her bones squeezing her. Well, now, what are those ladies making such an ado over Peggie, for? holding her up against their faces; and such talk—"nice, fine soft hair." Indeed, its as dirty as can be from those children's hands. I know its not any finer—at least, not much, than mine, and "so cute." I am disgusted. I had thought those ladies real nice looking. Wonder what our mistress is putting her hand in here for? She takes me by. Oh, joy! joy! now I'll see the world. The mistress has shown me, yes, and little Peggie to the ladies. I can't imagine what they want with Peggie. Ugh! They have put us in a box and I can't see a single thing. Stop your whimpering, Peggie. Be quiet, you can't get out. Want to go back to mother? Now little silly things. Don't you understand; we are going to see the world?

How strange I do feel, rocking one side up then the other, until my head is dizzy, and such a terrible, roaring noise and little Peg has cried herself to sleep. I'm going to see if I can't push the lid off this box. Yes, off it goes. I peep out; the young ladies are both looking at me and laughing; everything seems to be all right. There is a good many people sitting on sofas along both sides of the room. I'll crawl up on my new mistress's shoulder and look at them. Oh how frightened I am, for out of the window I see everything just whirling along—houses, fields and fences—all being pitched along together. This is seeing the world for a fact, and that little stupid Peg missing it all. Why, no, that other mistress is holding her in her hand, while Peggie looks around.

The world stops with a jerk. We are leaving the pretty room they called a "car." I sit perched on my mistress's shoulder. We are met by so many people, and they question, "What is that?" "Are'nt you afraid of them?" "Cunning little things," etc. Now, I'll let them see which is the cunning one. I'll jump around and rub my nose against my mistress's face and neck, and stand up and wash my face. Well, did I ever! If my mistress had not caught me, I'd had every bone in my body broken, falling from her shoulder to the ground. She knew everybody was looking at me. Why couldn't she have stood still? Now, perhaps they think I am clumsy.

We are in the box again, and going jolt, jolt, jolt, all the time. At last they stop. What a time to wait. At last we are out! ain't I glad! No children here. Two men and an old mistress here, besides the young ladies. The old mistress takes us and gives us something to eat—a big biscuit dipped in milk. Little Peg I guess you can wait until I get enough. Here comes some oatmeal and rice for us. Won't I have a good time? Here, Peggie, you can have the biscuit. They give us a big shelf all to ourselves, a little bowl of water and a paper poke with rags in it to sleep in. Peggie, I'm awful tired and sleepy, let's get in the poke and go to sleep.

* * * * *

We have been two months in our new home. At first it was nice enough; everybody that came to the house had to see us, and I always let them know that a white rat is something more than a common one, and that I know a few things more than any other rat ever did, and I let Peggie know her place from. But alas! That day is over, and just because Peggie has got four little rats. She treats me as if I was of no account at all. Actually bit me, and made me get out of my nice warm bed for her and them little rats to get in it. I had to go and crawl into an old paper poke that had served for a bed in it, and I had been used to turning over in my sleep as much as I wanted to. (Peg would hold the poke while I turned.) I hadn't more than got to sleep and turned over, when, horrors! I rolled clear off that shelf and fell five feet, or five miles down to the floor, and there I lay with all the breath knocked out of me. The old mistress got out of bed and picked me up again and put me back on the shelf. That same thing happened to me every night for a week; but Peggie would not give up my bed, so I concluded to lay still in that empty poke.

The young ladies would make a big fuss over Peggie and them little rats never noticing me in my misery, not giving me a bit of credit for giving up my good warm bed. It was getting colder and colder every night, and so one night Peggie and her rats went to bed and I waited until they were sound asleep, then in I went too, and got in the very best place I could find and kept warm too; but I was out pretty early the next morning; that is, as soon as Peggie woke up and found me there. She did not come out at once, but when she did she just sat down and looked at me. I did not feel good, but I raised my tail high and sauntered across the shelf as I passed the poke. I peeped in where the little ones were, and there they lay, but so still, and they looked flat. I horried in, stirred them around, and tried my best to wake them up, but they wouldn't wake. Then our breakfast came and I hurried to it, but Peggie just sat there, and looked at me like she thought I had lain on them rats during the night.

When the mistresses found the little dead rats, the youngest mistress said: "That is some of smart Alex's work." Mo, Sir Harry Cy, called "Smart Alex." Little Peggie heard her too, and came and rubbed her nose against mine. Then I helped Peggie wash the tears off her face and cracked a pumpkin seed for her, and she did not look hard at me any more.

In a few days we were taken out in the garden to play in the grass. We had a jolly time, until Peggie thought she would be smart. She climbed up one of the young ladies' dresses, and then up to her shoulder, the young ladies petting and talking to her all the time. So I gathered hold and commenced climbing up too; but when I got half way, I happened to think that I was doing no more than Peggie had done; so I just threw back my head and let all hold go, excepting one foot at a time, when, shaw, I fell to the ground, but I know that I could have climbed to her shoulder if I hadn't fallen, and Peg didn't get only what I could not eat for supper that night, either. To-day, the mistress wants to see if we won't run the mice away from the big cupboard. So here we are. I'll lay here on this box. "Peggie look around, and if you find any mice, kill them," I have had a nice sleep. What is that? Peggie, come here quick. Peggie! Peggie! Peggie! Ah, those terrible, great fierce eyes, right over me; a monster, a cat. But here comes Peggie to scratch it. I'll jump behind this box—just enough room for me. What is that I hear? Oh, little Peggie! It can't be your bones I hear crushed? The mistress comes and takes the monster by the back and slings it across the room. Then she lifts poor little Peggie out, and, with a little quiver, she lays still

TALMAGE ON LIVING SWEETNESS.

In Some Lives There is Much Sweetness, in Others the Sour Predominates—The Sympathy of the Savior.

BROOKLYN, July 8.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., took for his subject last Sunday, "Sour Experience," and his text, "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar"—John xix:30. The sermon was as follows:

The brigands of Jerusalem had done their work. It was almost sundown, and Jesus was dying. Persons in crucifixion often lingered on from day to day—crying, begging, cursing; but Christ had been exhausted by years of maltreatment. Pitiowless, poorly fed, flogged—as bent over and tied to a low post, his bare back was inflamed with the scourges interlaced with pieces of lead and bone—and now for whole hours the weight of his body hung on delicate tendons, and, according to custom, a violent stroke under the armpits had been given by the executioner. Dizzy, swooning, nauseated, feverish—a word of agony is compressed in the two words: "I thirst!" O, skies of Judea, but a drop of rain strike on his burning tongue. O, world, with rolling rivers, and sparkling lakes, and spraying fountains, give Jesus something to drink. If there be any pity in earth, or heaven, or hell, let it now be demonstrated in behalf of this royal sufferer. The wealthy women of Jerusalem used to have a fund of money with which they provided wine for those people who died in crucifixion—a powerful opiate to deaden the pain; but Christ would not take it. He wanted to die sober, and so he refused the wine. But afterward they go to a cup of vinegar and soak a sponge in it, and put it on a stick of hyssop, and then press it against the hot lips of Christ. You say the wine was an anæsthetic and intended to relieve or deaden the pain. But the vinegar was an insult. I am disposed to adopt the theory of the old English commentators, who believed that instead of it being an opiate to soothe, it was vinegar to insult. Malaga and Burgundy for grand dukes and duchesses, and costly wines from royal vats for bloated imperials; but stinging acids for a dying Christ. He took the vinegar.

In some lives the saccharine seems to predominate. Life is sunshine on a bank of flowers. A thousand hands to clap approval. In December or in January, looking across their table, they see all their family present. Health rubicund. Skies flamboyant. Days resilient. But in a great many cases there are not so many sugars as acids. The annoyances, and the vexations, and the disappointments of life overpower the successes. There is a gravel in almost every shoe. An Arabian legend says that there was a worm in Solomon's staff, gnawing its strength away, and there is a weak spot in every earthly support that a man leans on. King George of England forgot all the grandeurs of his throne because one day, in an interview, Beau Brummell called him by his first name and undressed him as a servant, crying: "George ring the bell!" Miss Langdon, honored all the world over for her poetic genius, is so worried over the evil reports set afloat regarding her, that she is found dead, with an empty bottle of prussic acid in her hand. Goldsmith said that his life was a wretched being, and that all that want and contempt could bring to it had been brought, and cries out: "What, then, is there formidable in a jail?" Correggio's fame pending in hung up for a tavern sign. Hogarth, many of his best paintings except through a raffle. Andrew Deisart makes the great fresco in the church of the Annunciata, at Florence, and gets for pay a sack of corn; and there are annoyances and vexations in high places as well as in low places, showing that in a great many lives the sours are greater than the sweets. "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar."

It is absurd to suppose that a man who has always been well can sympathize with those who are sick; or that one who has always been honored can appreciate the sorrow of those who are despised; or that one who has been born to a great fortune can understand the struggles and the straits of those who are destitute. The fact that Christ himself took the vinegar makes him able to sympathize to-day and forever with all those whose cup is filled with sharp acids of this life. He took the vinegar!

In the first place, there is the sourness of betrayal. The treachery of Judas hurt Christ's feelings more than all the perfidy of his disciples did him good. You have had many friends; but there was one friend upon whom you put especial stress. You feasted him. You loaned him money. You befriended him in the dark passes of life, when he especially needed a friend. Afterward, he turned upon you, and he took advantage of your former intimacies. He wrote against you. He talked against you. He microscopized your faults. He flung contempt at you when you ought to have received nothing but gratitude. At last you could not sleep at nights. Then you went about with a sense of having been stung. That difficulty will never be healed, for though mutual friends may adjudicate in the matter until you shall shake hands, the old cordiality will never come back. Now I commend to all such the sympathy of a betrayed Christ. Why, they sold him for less than our twenty dollars! They all forsook him, and fled. They cut him to the quick. He drank that cup of betrayal to the dregs. He took the vinegar.

There is also the sourness of pain. There are some of you who have not seen a well day for many years. By keeping out of draughts, and by carefully studying dieties, you continue to this time; but O, the headaches, and the soreness, and the heartaches which have been your accompaniments all the way through! You have struggled under a heavy mortgage of physical disabilities; and instead of the placidity which once characterized you, it is now only with great effort that you keep away from irritability and sharp retort. Difficulties of respiration, of digestion, of locomotion, make up the great obstacle in your life, and you jog and sweat along the pathway, and wonder when the exhaustion will end. My friends, the brightest crowns in heaven will not be given to those who, in stirrups, dashed to the cavalry charge, while the general applauded, and the sound of clashing sabers rang through the land; but the unfading crowns in heaven, I believe, will be given to those who trudged on amid chronic ailments which unnerved their strength, yet all the time maintaining their faith in God. It is comparatively easy to fight in a regiment of a thousand men, charging up to the parapets to the sound of martial music, but it is not so easy to endure when no one but the nurse and the doctor are the witnesses of the Christian fortitude. Besides that, you never had any pains worse than Christ's. The sharpnesses that stung through his brain, through his hands, through his feet, through his heart, were as great as yours, certainly. He was as sick and as weary. Not a nerve, or muscle, or ligament escaped. All the pangs of all the nations of all the ages compressed into one sour cup. He took the vinegar!

There is also the sourness of poverty. Your income does not meet your outgoings, and that always gives an honest man anxiety. There is no sign of destitution about you—pecuniary appearance and a cheerful home for your children—but you know what a time you have had to manage your private finances. Just as the bills run up the wages seem to run down. But you are not the only one who has not been paid for hard work. The great White sold his celebrated piece, "The Blind Fiddler," for fifty guineas, although afterwards it brought thousands. The world hangs in admiration over the sketch of Gainsborough's, yet the very sketch hung for years in the shop window because there was not any purchaser. Oliver Goldsmith sold his "Vicar of Wakefield" for a few pounds, in order to escape the tariff out of the debtors' prison; the vast majority of men in all occupations and professions are not fully paid for their work. You may say nothing, but close to you is a hard push, and I when you sit down with your wife and talk over the expenses, you both rise up discouraged. You plunge here and you indulge there, and you get things somehow, but the anxiety and the worry there is a large doctor's bill to pay, or you have lost your pocketbook, or some creditor has failed and you are thrown adream also. Well, brother, you are in glorious company. Christ owned not the house in which he stopped, or the colt on which he rode, or the boat in which he sailed. He died in a borrowed house; he was buried in a borrowed grave. Exposed to all kinds of weather, yet he had only one suit of clothes. He breakfasted in the morning, and no one could possibly tell where he could get anything to eat before night. He would have been pronounced a financial failure. He had to perform a miracle to get money to pay a tax bill. Not a dollar did he own. Privation of domesticity; privation of nutritious food; privation of a comfortable couch on which to sleep; privation of all worldly resources. The kings of the earth had chased chalices out of which to drink; but Christ had nothing but a plain cup set before him, and it was very sharp and it was very sour. He took the vinegar.

There also is the sourness of bereavement. There were years that passed along before your family circle was invaded by death; but the moment the charmed circle was broken everything seemed to dissolve. Hardly have you put the black apparel in the wardrobe before you have again to take it out. Great and rapid changes in your family record. You got the house and rejoiced in it, but the charm was gone as soon as the crape hung on the door bell. The one upon whom you most depended was taken away from you. A cold marble slab lies on your heart to-day. Once, as the children romped through the house, you put your hand over your aching head, and said: "Oh, if I could only have it still!" Oh, it is too still now. You lost your patience when the tops, and the strings, and the shells were left amid the floor; but oh, you would be willing to have the trinkets scattered all over the floor again, if they were scattered by the same hands. With what a ruthless phowshare bereavement rips up the heart. But Jesus knows all about that. You cannot tell him anything new in regard to bereavement. He had only a few friends, and they would be apt to be brought to tears to his eyes. Lazarus had often entertained him at his house. Now Lazarus is dead and buried, and Christ breaks down with emotion—the convulsion of grief shuddering through all the ages of bereavement. Christ knows what it is to go through the house missing a familiar inmate. Christ knows what it is to see an unoccupied place at the table. Were there not four of them—Mary and Martha and Christ and Lazarus? Four of them. But where is Lazarus? Lonely and afflicted Christ, his great loving eyes filled with tears, which drop from eye to cheek, and from cheek to beard, and from beard to robe, and from robe to floor. Oh, yes, yes, he knows all about the loneliness and the heartbreak. He took the vinegar!

Then there is the sourness of the death hour. Whatever else we may escape, that acid sponge will be pressed to our lips. I sometimes have a curiosity to know how I will behave when I come to die. Whether I will be calm or excited—whether I will be filled with reminiscence or with anticipation. I cannot say. But come to the point I must and you must. In the six thousand years that have passed only two persons have got into the eternal world without death, and I do not suppose that God is going to send a carriage for us with horses of flame to draw us up the steeps of heaven; but I suppose we will have to get like the preceding generations. An officer from the future world will knock at the door of our heart and serve on us the writ of ejectment, and we will have to surrender. And we will wake up after these autumnal and wintry and vernal and summery glories have vanished from our vision—we will wake up into a realm which has only one season, and that is eternal summer. Some of you will say: "I don't want to break out from my present associations. It is so chilly and so damp to go down the stairs of that vault. I don't want anything drawn so tightly over my eyes. If there were only some way of breaking through the partition between worlds without tearing this body all to shreds. I wonder if the surgeons and the doctors cannot compound a mixture which will keep this body and soul on all the time be kept together? Is there no escape from this separation?" None; absolutely none. So I look over this audience to-day—the vast majority of you seeming in good health and spirits—and yet I realize that in a short time, all of us will be gone—gone from earth, and gone forever. A great many unconverted men and women! In the future, as it were, and we do not know where they have gone, and they only add gloom and mystery to the passage; but Jesus Christ so mightily stormed the gates of that future world that they have never since been closely shut. Christ knows what it is to leave this world, the beauty of which he was more appreciative than we ever could be. He knows the exquisiteness of the phosphorescence of the sea; he trod it. He knows the glories of the midnight heavens, for they were the spangled canopy of his wilderness pillow. He knows about the fowls of the air, they whirred their way through his discourse. He knows about the fishes of the sea, for he ate one. Not a taper was kindled in the darkness. He died physicianless. He died in cold sweat and dizziness and hemorrhage and agony that have put him in sympathy with all the dying. He goes through Christendom and he gathers up the stings out of all the deathbeds one by one as they silent under his own neck and head. He gathers on his own tongue the burning thirsts of many generations. The sponge is soaked in the sorrows of all those who have died in their beds as well as soaked in the sorrows of all those who perished in icy or fiery martyrdom. While heaven was praising and earth was mocking and hell was deriding, he took the vinegar!

To all those in this audience to whom life has been an acerbity—a dose they could not swallow, a cup that set their teeth on edge and a rasping—I preach the omnipotent sympathy of Jesus Christ. The sister of Herschel, the astronomer, used to help him in his work. He got all the credit; she got none. She used to spend much of her time polishing the telescopes through which he brought the distant worlds nigh, and it is my ambition now, this hour, to clear the lens of your spiritual vision, so that looking through the dark night of your early troubles you may behold the glorious constellation of a Savior's mercy and a Savior's love. O, my friends, do not try to carry all your sin alone. Do not put your load of sorrow under the Apennines when the Almighty Christ is ready to lift up all your burdens. When you have a trouble of any kind you rush this way and that way, and you wonder what this man will say about it and what that man will say about it, and you try this prescription and the other prescription. Oh, why do you not go straight to the heart of Christ, knowing that for our own sinning and suffering race he took the vinegar!

There was a vessel that had been tossed on the seas for a great many weeks, and been disabled, and the supply of water gave out, and the crew were dying of thirst. After many days they saw a sail against the sky. They signaled it. When the vessel came nearer the people on the suffering ship cried to the captain of the other vessel: "Send us some water. We are dying for lack of water." And the captain of the vessel that was hailed responded: "Dip your buckets where you are. You are in the mouth of the Amazon, and there are scores of miles of fresh water all around about you, and hundreds of feet deep." And then they dropped their buckets over the side of the vessel, and brought up the clear, bright, fresh water, and put out the fire of their thirst. So I hail you, today, after a long and perilous voyage, thirsting as you are for pardon, and thirsting for comfort, and thirsting for eternal life, and I ask you while you use of the going in that death struck state, while all around you is the deep, clear, wide, sparkling flood of God's sympathetic mercy. O, dip your buckets and drink and live forever. "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely."

Yet my utterance is almost choked at the thought that there are people here who will not take it. You say that you will try to fight their own battles, and drink their own vinegar, and carry their own burdens; and their life instead of being a triumphal march from victory to victory, will be a nobbling on from defeat to defeat until they make final surrender to the future disaster. Oh, I wish I could to-day hear your groans in all the woes of men and women—all their hard losses—all their disappointments—all their chargins—and just take them right to the feet of a sympathizing Jesus. He took the vinegar.

Nana Sahib, after he had lost his last battle in India, fell back into the jungles of Nepal—jungles so full of malaria that no mortal could live there. He carried with him, also, a ruby of great luster and of great value. He died in those jungles; his body was never found, and the ruby has never yet been recovered. And I fear that to day there are some that will fall back from this subject into the sickening, killing jungles of their sin, carrying a gem of infinite value—a priceless soul—to be lost forever. O, that that ruby might flash in the eternal coronation. But no. There are some, I fear, in this audience who turn away from this offered mercy, and comfort, and Divine symp thy; notwithstanding that Christ for all who would accept his grace, trudged the long way, and suffered the lacerating thongs, and received in his face the expectorations of the filthy mob, and for the guilty, and the discouraged, and the discomforted of the race, took the vinegar. May God Almighty break the infatuation, and lead you out into the strong hope, and the good cheer, and the glorious sunshine of this triumphant Gospel.

MUSTANG LINIMENT
CURES HOLLOW HORN, CAKED BAGS, GRUB & HOOF DISEASE IN CATTLE!

MUSTANG LINIMENT
HEALS INFLAMMATION, OLD SORES, CAKED BREASTS & INSECT BITES!

The Farm.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Thorough Pulverizing and Harrowing.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—After seeing so much in the Farm department about agriculture I will tell you my experience. I have been experimenting considerably on different theories which I have seen in the Farm department of the BLADE, in which I think there is a good deal of good sound judgment used, and by that judgment I have learned a great deal, and others can profit thereby. In the first place it pays any farmer to thoroughly prepare his ground before planting, if it does make him three or four days later in planting. This year I have some thirty-five acres in corn, and by having no one to help me I get in a hurry about my planting.

As it was getting late in the season, and as I have a checkrower planter, I planted some four or five acres before harrowing and pulverizing the ground and now find out to my sorrow that I have made a waste, for the weeds have got the start of me, and it takes three or four times the amount of work to get that piece of corn clear that it does twice the amount of ground that I thoroughly harrowed and pulverized before planting. I am probably not as thorough and practical a farmer as many others of my farmer friends, but I find by experience that it pays best every time to do our work well from the commencement. Then we have but little trouble in tending our crops. The outlook for crops through this section of country is good: the best for several years.—S. A. KIERSEY, Burlington, Iowa.

Corn in Dry Weather.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I will say a few words about cultivating corn in dry weather. I live in a dry part of the country and have had some experience. If the ground is kept stirred to a great depth during dry weather it will dry out faster than if left alone, but the best results can be secured by using a cultivator with twelve small shovels called bull tongues. This will root up all the small weeds and prevent the ground from caking. In reply to B. F. Carroll, Stockville, Neb., I would say, that I think the deeper ground can be plowed for corn the better. The corn in the first place ought to be planted four inches deep, and if the ground has been plowed ten inches deep the roots will go to the bottom of broken soil. It is true that ordinary rains do not go deeper than the ground has been broken, and as all the water that falls is absorbed by the atmosphere again, it stands to reason that the nearer to the surface the water is kept the quicker the process of absorpsion is accomplished. If the moisture should go ten feet deep the crop would get the benefit of it, for it has to come back by the same way it went down.—JOHN F. COIL, Riverside, Kansas.

Frequent Stirring of Corn.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I take a great deal of interest in the FARM department and think it a good thing for farmers to swap ideas sometimes as well as horses, and to a better advantage sometimes. I agree with your Mr. Rakestraw in regard to deep and frequent stirring of corn ground, and think if Mr. Johnson, of Kansas, will try again and not give up at one failure, he will come back to his first principles. Kansas is a peculiar country, and a man must make more than one season to get an experiment satisfactory.

In the first place, Kansas farmers try to tend too much corn to the team and hand. Mr. J. says two or three times are enough. I think corn ought to be plowed every week from the time it is big enough till too big, or in break, with the cultivator. Cultivate (like the Democrats vote) early and often in listing corn. Nine-tenths of the corn is listed in this state. The corn should be put in with a good cambined lister, and as soon as the corn is three inches high, the bottom of the furrow should be surred to break the crust and let the sun and air get to the roots. I use a long steel, sixteen inches long, two inches wide and sharpened at the point, fastened to the inside shank of the cultivator with short (bull-tongue) three inches wide and eight inches long on the bank or outside shank, which will destroy all the weeds on the site of the furrow. I then take a piece of pine timber 6x8, 16 feet long with a team hitched to each end and drag the middle down, leaving the ground hard for both horse and cultivator to go on the second week after first plowing, then plow as often as once a week, keeping the ground as near hard as possible, and you will have corn.—T. B. MILLER.

Cultivating Corn in Dry Weather.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Having seen several articles in the BLADE FARM relative to the cultivation of corn in dry season, I will say that my experience is, that it pays well to cultivate frequently in dry seasons and not exceeding four inches in depth. In extreme drouth, use the old fashioned double shovel, and cover your corn, plowing every other middle; then go back to where you commenced and plow out the middle you left. This will prevent the corn rolling, and throw more moisture on both sides of the corn at one time. This process will be slow but pays well.

Will some one who has had experience please give through the BLADE the best time to sow clover and grass seed; also the the best way to save the hay, especially clover, and oblige one who wants information.—T. W. F. ALMARTHE, Missouri.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Going Blind.

W. T. H., Camden, Ind.: Your horse is not suffering from the effects of wolf teeth. His trouble is opthalmia, which is a very serious thing. It is a constitutional, rheumatic or malarial affection. Try this: Powdered Peruvian bark, ½ oz.; sulphate of iron, 1 dr. Give this amount twice a day for at least a week. If this fails, give ½ oz. of iodide of potash twice a day for a week, omit for a week and repeat; wash the eyes twice day with powdered alum 6 grs., water 1 oz. in applying this use a soft feather or a camel's hair brush.

Tanning Calf and Cow Hides.

B. T. G., Walnut, Kansas: A process by which leather may be tanned in from six to 30 days, according to the kind of hide, is as follows: Take, for example, a calf skin: For a 12-lb calf skin take 3 lbs. of terra japonica; 2 lbs. of common salt; alum, 1 lb. Put them in a copper kettle, with sufficient water to dissolve the whole without boiling. The skin must be limed, haired and treated in every way as for the old process, when it will be put in a vessel with water to cover it, at which time you will put in one pint of the composition, stirring it well, adding the same night and morning for three days. When you will add the whole, handling two or three times daily all the time tanning. You may continue to use the tanning liquid by adding half the quantity each time, by keeping these proportions for any amount. If you desire to give a dark color to the leather, you will put in 1lb of Cicily sumac. Kip skins will require about 20 days; light horse hides for harness, 30 days; calf skins, from 6 to 12 days at most. Blacking for harness is made, mainly, by Bone wax, ½ lb.; ivory black, 2 ozs.; spirits turpentine, 1 oz.; Prussian blue, ground in oil, 1 oz.; copal varnish, ½ oz. Melt the wax and stir into it the other ingredients before the mixture is quite cold. Make it into balls; rub a little on a brush, apply it on the harness and polish lightly with silk.

Knee Joint Injury.

S. E., Emmettsburg, Iowa: You did an unwise thing to put a rowell or seaton in the lump on the outside of the knee joint of your horse, made by striking him with his shoe. Since you have a running sore you will have some trouble in getting the sore cured. Apply a warm linseed meal poultice for a full day. Then wash the parts with soap and water. After this foment the part with warm water, and afterward rub well in not touching the sore place. Iodine, 2 drs.; ammonia, 2 ozs.; glycerine, two ounces; mercurial ointment, two ounces; olive oil, six ounces. Rub this on in the evening. Wash off with soap and water in the morning, and apply again. Do this for several days

Bleeding Cancer.

I. B. Olile, Iowa:—We fear your cow is suffering from fungus haematodes, or bleeding cancer. They appear on any part of the body, but more especially the eye. They have a spongy, fungus-like growth, and bleed upon the slightest touch. In cases of this kind, veterinaries recommend dissecting out the affected part, and fattening the cow for the butcher. A cure is almost impossible. To eradicate the disease is almost an impossibility. If you have a veterinary in your vicinity you should secure his services. We can not give you any encouragement as to a permanent cure.

Sea Shells for Chickens.

J. C., Raymond City, W. Va.: Sea shells for poultry may be had of almost any agricultural seed house. Ground bone will answer as well. Sea or oyster shells will not keep chickens from eating eggs. Give your fowls a good range where there are plenty of pebbles, or break old crockery up finely, and you will get along without the sea shells. Old plaster broken up, or a bit of lime dropped in the drinking water the size of a hickory nut, is good for laying hens. The best way to serve an egg eater is to cut its head off. It cannot then teach the other fowls how to eat eggs. If the fowl is a valuable one, cut the transparency off from the bill and she cannot eat eggs.

Vitality of Seeds.

R. J. B., North Dakota:—The vitality of seeds you speak of is: Beans, 2 years; beet, 7 years; cabbages, 4 years; carrot, 2 years; sweet corn, 2 years; cucumber, 10 years; lettuce, 3 years; melon, 10 years; onion, 1 year; parsnip, 1 year; radish, 3 years; squash, 10 years; tomato, 7 years; turnip, 7 years.

Strawberry Culture.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Please inform me through the BLADE where I can obtain a reliable book on Strawberry culture, or on all kinds of small fruits.—E. W. HOPKINS, Poplar, Wis. [You can get the kind of book you want by addressing a letter to Brown, Eager, Hull & Co., Toledo, O.

Tame Pigeons.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some kind reader of the BLADE please inform me through the BLADE how to care for tame pigeons? How to treat the young and old, how to keep them home, so they will not go away and stay away.—A. J. F. MONTANA.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Potato Rot.

Upon the subject of potato rot, the mycological section of the department of agriculture, Washington, says:

Numerous fungi are found upon the potato, but Phytopthora infestans De Bary appears to be the most widely destructive one. The brown or black discoloration of the tubers, and the blight of the leaves have been thought by many growers to be different diseases, but they are only two phases of one disease, being due to the same fungus. During the growing season the mycelium of the Phytopthora may be found in the diseased stems and leaves; and, if there be sufficient moisture in the air, the conidia or summer spores are produced by myriads upon the diseased vines. These spores blown about by the wind, or carried by insects, birds or other animals, find lodgment on healthy plants. Dry air soon destroys them, but in drops of dew or rain they germinate readily, so that many thousand new centers of infection may begin in the course of a single day. The sudden rot of the fireen tissue of the plant, so often observed when the weather is warm and wet, is due the rapid propagation of the fungus by means of these summer spores, although the direct breaking down of the tissues is generally accomplished by bacteria and Ascomycetous fungi.

Undoubtedly the mycelium of Phytopthora may grow down through the stalk and thus reach the tubers, but this has never been proven. The tubers are ordinarily infected by the conidia, which may be washed into the soil by rains, or carried down by small animals. A wet rot of the tubers does not always follow their infection. Very often the only indications of the disease are some superficial discolorations of the tuber. In these we have the mycelium of the fungus. Certain conditions favoring rot are beyond control of the farmer. He cannot prevent warm, wet weather; but by planting upon dry ground, and by using the greatest care in the selection of tubers for planting, he may greatly diminish the severity of the rot. No tubers having dark spots or blotches upon their surface, or which look brown or black in places when cut open, should be planted. Quick growing sorts are probably safest.

Feeding Heavy Draught Horses.

Too little care is taken by farmers generally with the feed of their horses. In all the large stables of our country, as well as those of Europe, the care and feeding of horses is systematized. The horses on the street car lines have their corn ground fed out and their grain ground. This is true, also, of horses used for heavy teaming. If it pays the owners of these horses to hire men to prepare food for them, why will it not pay the farmer to prepare food for his horses?

Sometimes the rations prepared for horses doing heavy work all the while can be used for farm horses when at heavy work. If they cannot be used they may suggest good rations that may. With this object in view, we give the ration fed to the heavy draught horses in large teaming corporations of England.

The daily allowance of hay is 12 pounds; this is cut up with 3 or 4 pounds of clean oat straw. If the horses are at very heavy work and put in long hours the fodder ration is increased to 18 to 20 pounds, ¾ of which is good meadow hay.

The fitting proportion of all the albuminoid materials requisite for the formation of tissue, and to maintain muscle in hard-worked, heavy horses ranges from four to five, or six of the carbonaceous or other food constituents. This ratio is secured by the liberal use of beans and peas, which contain weight for weight, nearly three times the amount of flesh-formers as oats, and nearly four times that of corn. The mixture of grain given daily to each horse consists of 3¾ pounds oats, 6.5 pounds peas, 9.25 pounds corn, 4.0 oats. The grain is used cracked, but not too much crushed or bruised. No beans should be used unless clean, sound, and weighing 60 pounds to 64 pounds per bushel. Oats are carefully selected of at least 40 pounds per bushel, natural weight, and clean, sweet, dry and hard. Every Saturday night a mash, consisting of 3½ pounds bran and 1 pound linseed, is served to each horse, and on Sunday little more than one-half the working allowance of corn is given. Many experienced horse-owners would object to this dietary on account of the large proportion of corn, which they would reduce, corresponding increasing the oats; while others now that barley is cheap, introduce one or two pounds of it into the feed. The cooking of food for horses is now properly reprobated, on account of its favoring imperfect mastication and insalivation, with consequent indigestion; while, moreover, it interferes with condition and endurance. —*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

Farm Notes.

Keeping hogs on grass only all summer, then feeding corn only in the fall, makes hog cholera smile.

Plant an acre or more to beans. If well taken care of they will pay well, even if the price is 50 per cent. less next winter than it is now.

After the period of full bloom, the increase in the quantity of timothy is not sufficient to overbalance the lower digestibility and the large increase of fibre, hence cut timothy as soon as it is in full bloom, is announced in a late bulletin from the New York experiment station.

The best method of attacking the currant worm, especially in large plantations, is by deep cultivation around the bushes, to destroy the cocoons in the ground. The clods should be well pulverized, and copious dressings of fresh lime, or gas lime, or pure soot, worked well into the soil, and the ground beaten down hard. In gardens, the soil near the bushes may be removed, and the ground thoroughly soaked with liquid manure. Syringing the bushes with a strong wash of soft soap and water is recommended as a remedial measure. This wash is improved by the addition of the juice soaked from half a pound of tobacco.

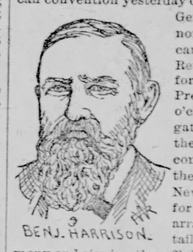
A. K. Tollefson, Brown county, Dak., gives some experience with sowing seed that was absolutely clean as compared with that which was not so. He contends that it is foul plants, wild buckwheat, mustard, etc., and not legitimate, useful crops that so rapidly exhaust land. He cites a case of a neighbor who has never sown anything but absolutely clean seed, has it hand-picked, if necessary, to obtain absolute purity, and though the last was the sixth year to continuous cropping to wheat and oats, the yield of each was very large, and not a stalk of any noxious weed can be found on the farm. When farmers are as particular about putting pure seed into the ground as about putting pure blood into stock, they will have made a long stride in the direction of better crops. —*Farm, Stock and Home.*

News of the Week.

GEN. HARRISON NOTIFIED.

A Grand Time at the Capital of the Hoosier State.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 5.—The Notification committee representing the late Republican convention yesterday officially notified



BENJ. HARRISON.

Gen. Harrison of his nomination as the candidate of the Republican party for the office of President. At 10 o'clock the delegates comprising the Notification committee met in the parlors of the New Denison hotel for the purpose of arranging the details of the ceremony and signing the official notice. Hon. M. M. Estee, of California, late chairman of the Republican convention, presided, and Chas. W. Clisbee acted as secretary of the committee. Thirty-three members of the committee were present.

Ex-Gov. Charles Foster, of Ohio, and Hon. Logan H. Root, of Arkansas, were placed in nomination for vice-chairman of the committee, but both declined in favor of H. A. Potter, of New Jersey, who was unanimously chosen. The address to Gen. Harrison having been signed by each member, the committee placed itself at the disposal of the local committee of arrangements, Hon. J. N. Huston, chairman. Before adjourning the committee voted to meet in New York city at the Murray Hill hotel at 10 o'clock next Saturday morning for the purpose of arranging the programme for the notification of Hon. Levi P. Morton. Chairman Estee and nearly all the members of the committee have signified their intention of being present at Mr. Morton's notification.

AT THE GENERAL'S RESIDENCE.

At 11:30 the delegates, escorted by the local committee of Arrangements, took carriages in front of the hotel and were driven up Massachusetts avenue, then north on Delaware street to No. 674, the pretty two-story brick residence of Gen. Harrison. The exterior of the house was without decoration, not so much as a small flag being visible, but many neighboring residences were tastefully dressed in bunting. A crowd of between 200 and 300 people stood gazing before the house while the committee alighted and, headed by Chairman Estee and Gov. Foster, entered the house in marching order. Mr. Russell Harrison and Capt. M. G. McLain met the delegates at the door and escorted them through the hall into the parlor, being the center room between the drawing room and the library.

Conspicuous above the mantel hung a very antique portrait of "Old Tippecanoe," President William Henry Harrison, while in the hallway rested another portrait of the old warrior.

When the committee had all entered the room at 12 o'clock Gen. Harrison and his wife came down the stairs, and, just as Mrs. Harrison reached the last step, she tripped and fell on her knees, but the general hastily assisted her to arise, and, with admirable composure, the distinguished lady took the general's arm and entered the parlor amidst respectful silence.

Gen. Harrison looked pale and careworn, his expression being one of deep seriousness, as he stood facing the committee in a close-fitting suit of black. Mrs. Harrison, on the contrary, looked very fair, fresh and bright. Her sparkling eyes and winsome manner were in charming contrast with her abundant gray hairs.

THE NOTIFICATION.

As the ladies took their positions beside Gen. Harrison, Chairman Estee stepped forward and, in splendid voice and emphasis, said:

"Gen. Harrison, we are commissioned by the National Republican convention to notify you of your nomination as the Republican candidate for President of the United States. We may be permitted to remind you that your selection met the hearty approval of the whole convention, it left no embittered feelings or lukewarm supporters, and its action voiced the average and the best judgment of the convention. It is true distinguished gentlemen, well known to the people, who were experienced in public affairs, illustrious in character and worthy of the people's confidence and support, were before the convention as candidates and yet you were chosen.

"Nor was your nomination due to accident, or the result of hasty or inconsiderate deliberation. It indicated, rather, that you possessed in a more eminent degree those peculiar qualities which commend you to the people's favor. In the hour of our country's peril you cheerfully accepted an humble position in the army, went where your country most needed you, and by long and faithful service rose to higher commands and assumed graver responsibilities. Elected to the American Senate, your enlightened and conservative statesmanship commanded the respect and inspired the confidence of the American people. Added to this, the purity of your past life and your many private virtues is an earnest that, as a candidate for President, the honor of the Republican party and the glory of our country will be safe in your keeping.

"The platform adopted by the National Republican convention marks out with clearness and precision the creed of the party. The American system of protection to American labor and American industry in American markets, the sacredness and purity of the ballot, the protection of American citizens, native and adopted, at home and abroad, on land and sea, the prohibition of Chinese immigration, the building up of our navy, the erection of coast defenses, and the care of our soldiers and sailors of the Republic, are questions which occupy conspicuous places in our platform. These and other subjects referred to in the platform will doubtless receive your careful consideration. In conclusion we beg to express our personal satisfaction at your nomination, and we indulge the belief that your election is already assured."

At the conclusion of Judge Estee's address there was no applause, all present seeming to partake of the gravity of the occasion, as reflected in the calm features and dignified manner of Gen. Harrison, who did not evince the slightest symptom of the exultation or gratification which was clearly depicted in the bright countenances of the ladies. After a moment's silence, Gen. Harrison adjusted his nose glasses, and drawing his manuscript from his bosom, read his reply in a full, rich voice and with a degree of seriousness and earnestness that visibly impressed every one who heard him. He said:

GEN. HARRISON'S REMARKS.

"MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE:—The official notification which you have brought of the nomination conferred upon me by the Republican national convention, recently in session at Chicago, excite emotions of profound, though of a somewhat conflicting character. That, after full deliberation and free consultation, the representatives of the Republican party of the United States should have coincided that the great principles enunciated in the platform adopted by the convention could be in some measure safely confided to my care, is an honor of which I am deeply sensible, and for which I am very grateful. I do not assume or believe that this choice implies that the convention found in me a person pre-eminent for exceptional fidelity to the principles of government upon which we are mutually pledged. My satisfaction with the result would be altogether spoiled if that result had been reached by unworthy methods, or by a disparagement of the more eminent men who divided with me the suffrages of the convention.

"I cannot assume, Judge, to so deep a sense of the dignity of the office and of the gravity of its duties and responsibilities as altogether to exclude any feeling of exultation or pride. The principle of government and the practices in administration, upon which issues are now fortunately so clearly made, are so important in their relations to the national and individual prosperity that we may expect an unusual popular interest in the campaign. Relying wholly upon the considerate judgment of our fellow citizens and the gracious favor of God, we will confidently submit our cause to the arbitrament of a free ballot. The day you have chosen for this visit suggests no thoughts but those in full harmony with the occasion. The Republican party has walked in the light of the Declaration of Independence.

It has lifted the shaft of patriotism upon the foundation laid at Bunker Hill. It has made the more perfect Union secure by making all men free. Washington and Lincoln, Yorktown and Appomattox, the Declaration of Independence and the Proclamation of Emancipation are naturally and worthily associated in our thoughts to-day.

"As soon as may be possible I shall, by letter, communicate to your chairman a more formal acceptance of the nomination, but it may be proper to say that I have already examined the platform with some care, and that its declarations, to some of which your chairman has alluded, are in harmony with my views. It gives me pleasure, gentlemen, to receive you in my home and to thank you for the cordial manner in which you have conveyed your official message."

"Long and hearty applause echoed through the house as Gen. Harrison concluded his address and reaching forth cordially grasped the extended hand of Chairman Estee, who then presented him with the official copy of his notification.

"Secretary Clisbee then handed the general an engrossed copy of the Republican platform. The formalities of the occasion having been concluded, Gen. Harrison instantly became the genial host, while Chairman Estee, acting as master of ceremonies, introduced each member of the committee as they passed in line to the general and ladies. Several of them were accompanied by their wives, while Miss Lula S. Joseph, of Nashville, accompanied Delegate Dougherty, the secretary of the committee.

The committee returned to their hotel and held an informal session for the purpose of arranging for transportation to New York and ascertaining how many would go East. They leave to-morrow afternoon at 5 o'clock and will arrive in New York early Saturday morning.

This will always be a memorable day in the life of Gen. Harrison and his wife, for, aside from the official notification of his nomination, he was the recipient of congratulations from a source and of such a unique character, the like of which but few men have known. The Tippecanoe club of this (Marion) county is a political organization composed entirely of veterans of the William Henry Harrison campaigns of 1836 and 1840, and was organized several years ago. Nearly all the members are from 75 to 80 years old, while Messrs. Lynn and Jameson, who were present, have passed the allotted four score and ten.

Ninety-one members of the club visited Gen. Harrison this evening. After each veteran had told Gen. Harrison something about his grandfather, Dr. George W. New presented the formal address of congratulation in behalf of the club, to which Gen. Harrison feelingly replied. At the conclusion of Gen. Harrison's remarks, Mrs. Harrison came forward and invited the veterans to partake of lunch, which they did with evident relish.

NOTIFYING MORTON

Of His Nomination for the Vice Presidency by the Republicans.

NEW YORK, June 7.—The members of the committee to officially notify Levi P. Morton of his nomination for the vice presidency were assembled this morning. Judge M. M. Estee, of California, chairman of the committee, was receiving visitors in parlor F, of the Murray Hill hotel, at 9 o'clock. Secretary Dougherty was up most of the night and looked wearied this morning.

He went to the Grand Central depot at 9 o'clock, and when he returned to the committee parlor he found half a dozen of the delegates awaiting him. As they strolled in Capt. Dougherty had each affix his signature to the address which will be presented to Mr. Morton. The document is very brief and general in its terms, filling less than a page of parchment paper.

Delegates Hendricks, Root and Carson, the colored contingent, did not meet the party at the hotel, and were not at the depot when the committee entered the special drawing-room car at 10:30 o'clock. Ex-Governor Charles Foster, of Ohio, did not accompany the committee.

RHINEBECK, N. Y., July 7.—When the train arrived the committee was duly escorted to the residence of Hon. Levi P. Morton for a formal reception. Chairman Estee read the letter of notification, as follows:

LETTER OF NOTIFICATION.

The National convention of the Republican party recently assembled in Chicago, nominated as its candidate for President, General Harrison, and with equal unanimity selected you as its nominee for Vice President. By order of that convention we were appointed a committee to notify its nominees of their selection.

This pleasant duty has been in part performed in giving Gen. Harrison, your associate upon the ticket, that notification. It only remains for us to disc

WASHINGTON NEWS.

TWO MORE VETOES.

President Cleveland Exercises His Powers Against the Dependents of the Soldier.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—Yesterday the President sent to congress a message vetoing a bill granting a pension to Mary Anne Doherty. It states that a large share of the report of the senate committee on Pensions (adopted also by the house committee) consists of the petition in which the woman says that her husband (who had served in a New Jersey regiment) left her in 1865 and has not been heard of since.

She had received a pension as the widow of Daniel Doherty, until it was discovered that he was alive and living in Philadelphia, and was himself drawing a pension there. She had succeeded in getting the pension in the first instance by much false swearing. The police records of Washington (where she had been living) showed her to be a woman of very bad character, and that she had been under arrest nine times for drunkenness, larceny, creating disturbances and other misdemeanors.

To-day he returned without his approval a bill granting a pension to Mary Walsh.

AFTER TRUSTS.

Bills Introduced in the House.

WASHINGTON, July 9.—Mr. Adams, of Illinois, offered a resolution reciting the resolution directing the committee on manufactures to investigate the subject of trusts, stating that the scene of the investigation was so broad as to render it impossible for the committee to make its report at the present session and directing the committee to report immediately with or without recommendation all the evidence taken by it relating to the so-called sugar trust, and also in a separate report, to report evidence taken relating to the so-called Standard oil trust; reciting the allegation that the present immigration into the United States was largely unbeneficial and injurious, and is encouraged to satisfy private greed, and the further allegation that the law prohibiting the importation of contract labor is being evaded owing to the lack of sufficient machinery to enforce it, and directing the speaker to appoint a special committee of five members to investigate the subject matter herein referred to, with leave to sit during the recess. Referred to the committee on Rules.

Mr. Ford, of Michigan, offered a resolution reciting the allegation that the present immigration into the United States is excessive, artificial and injurious, and is encouraged to satisfy private greed, and the further allegation that the law prohibiting the importation of contract labor is being evaded owing to the lack of sufficient machinery to enforce it, and directing the Speaker to appoint a special committee of five members to investigate the subject matter herein referred to, with leave to sit during the recess. Referred to the committee on military affairs.

The following bills were introduced and referred:

Mr. J. F. D. Brown, of Virginia, offered a resolution releasing the committee on Education from the further consideration of the Blair bill and making that measure a continuing special order for July 17. Referred to the committee on Rules.

The House then went into committee of the whole (Mr. Springer of Illinois in the chair) on the tariff bill, the pending question being on the Cannon amendment.

Sugar Not to go on the Free List.

WASHINGTON, July 9.—(Special.)—The committee of the whole has rejected—37 to 108—Mr. Cannon's amendment to put on the free list sugars not above the 16 Dutch standard, and reducing the the rates on other grades and granting a bounty to the producers of sugar.

PRESIDENTIAL PLEASURES.

Grover Will Go to the Adirondack Mountains Early in the Autumn.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—It has been a matter of some comment with a number of persons who have called upon the President recently that he is looking be ter at the present time than at any previous time since the meeting of Congress. One of these gentlemen, who has known President Cleveland several years, remarked to him to-day that he was looking splendid. Mr. Cleveland replied in his usual hearty manner, "and I don't look any better than I feel, either."

Aside from the President's health, it may be stated that the vacation which he purposes taking this year will not be on the coast of Long Island, or the Massachusetts coast, or any of the other places which desire to advertise themselves in this manner. The President will not leave Washington until the 1st of August, shortly after the adjournment of Congress.

It is his intention to spend a few weeks, possibly a month, in the Adirondack Mountains. This is the heighth of the hunting season in that locality, and as he is scarcely less enthusiastic a hunter than he is a fisherman, he is anticipating a brief outing with much pleasure. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Cleveland, Col. and Mrs. Lamont and possibly several other invited guests.

IT CAUSES THEM TO LAUGH.

Cleveland's Latest Showing of His Hypocricy.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—The President's *letter* to Tammany has been the subject of much comment to-day. In the first place it is pretty generally designated as the plea of a politician and partisan for votes. Secondly it is interpreted as hedging on the tariff question to a degree which was not expected of a man who, seven months ago, wrote a bold free trade message. His assertion that he and his party are not free traders is ridiculed by Republicans, and even Democrats smile when it is mentioned.

It is generally thought that the President has finally become aware that his and his party's protection platform and policy have scared the protection Democrats in the East to such a degree that his re-election has become rather doubtful.

The first manifestation of this fear was considered to be the re-election of Barnum, the Connecticut protectionist, as chairman of the Democratic National committee, which was a clear concession to the protection sentiment of the East. A few months ago Barnum was considered out of the question for that place, but the attitude of the protection Democrats forced Cleveland to change his tactics. Barnum is to have the platform interpreted in the East to suit the views of voters.

Now Cleveland's Tammany letter is, in the opinion of leading Republicans, nothing but an effort to hedge on the tariff, but he and his party have so strongly committed themselves to an anti-protection policy, which is equivalent to free trade, that nothing that they now can do to obscure the leading issue will succeed. This is the opinion of Republicans generally and some Democrats agree with them.

THE ALBATROSS EXPEDITION.

The Great Fishing Banks of Alaska to be Explored this Summer.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—The Fish commission steamer Albatross, now at San Francisco, will sail this week to explore the waters of Alaska and the northwest coast of the United States in the interest of the fisheries. The cod banks off the Alaska coast, known to be extensive and productive, but still undeveloped commercially, will be surveyed, and the information thus obtained will, it is expected, be of great value to the fishermen. Quite a fleet of fishing vessels now sails from San Francisco to engage in the cod fisheries.

It is stated by persons who have made partial explorations in that region that the cod banks there greatly exceed in extent the fishing banks of the Atlantic coast. The main purpose of the Albatross' trip is to ascertain the position, extent and resources of these grounds. Capt. Tanner is in charge of the expedition as commander of the vessel, and Prof. L. A. Lee is in charge of the civilian staff, as director of the explorations. The development of these fisheries on the West coast, is considered as a matter of great commercial importance. Already a load of halibut has been sent successfully on ice from the Pacific to the New York market, and disposed of at a profitable figure.

It is not to be expected, so a scientist attached to the Fish commission said to a *Star* reporter, that the fisheries of the west coast will supply the eastern markets, but it will afford a supply for the area west of the Mississippi valley, reached by many railroads. In addition there are the foreign markets of the Pacific in Australia and South America, where the product of these fisheries can be disposed of. The cod is the principal salt-water fish north of Puget Sound. The halibut, too, is as abundant as on the eastern coast. The Albatross will hasten north, in order to have the advantage of the summer season there, and in the fall will return to the Puget Sound region and begin an examination of the coast fisheries there.

THE CROPS.

The July Report Issued by the Department of Agriculture.

WASHINGTON, July 10.—The department of agriculture makes the July general averages of condition as follows:

Cotton, 82.7; winter wheat, 75.8; spring wheat, 95.9; corn, 93; oats, 95.2; barley, 91; winter rye, 95.1; spring rye, 96.8; tobacco, manufacturing leaf, 89. Cotton is later than usual in every state.

There is generally a medium stand. Cultivation has been somewhat retarded by local rains, and a part of the area is in the grass, notably in the district west of the Mississippi. The plant is generally in vigorous condition and growing rapidly. The state averages are:

Virginia 81, North Carolina 85, South Carolina 86, Georgia 90, Florida 90, Alabama 92, Mississippi 92, Louisiana 91, Texas 76, Arkansas 90, Tennessee 90. Winter wheat has been harvested in the South, and yielded below expectation in the Carolinas, Georgia and Alabama.

It has improved slightly in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. A marked improvement is noted in Michigan. Reports from the Pacific coast are also more favorable. General condition has advanced from 73.3 to 75.6.

Averages of principal states: New York, 80; Pennsylvania, 93; Ohio, 60; Michigan, 75; Indiana, 62; Illinois, 68; Missouri, 72; Kansas, 93; California, 83.

Spring wheat has improved in a large portion of the breadth seeded and promises a large yield minus possible future drawbacks.

The general average has advanced from 92.8 to 95.9. State averages: Wisconsin, 91; Minnesota, 94; Iowa, 97; Nebraska, 93; Dakota, 98.

The area of corn, as reported, has increased over four per cent., making the breadth nearly 76,000,000 acres. There has been much replanting in wet districts from non-germination and from destruction by worms.

The stand is now moderately good and the crop is growing finely. Condition by principal states—Ohio, 96; Indiana, 95; Illinois, 96; Iowa, 89; Missouri, 91; Kansas, 99; Nebraska, 91. In the South—Virginia, 91; North Carolina, 88; South Carolina, 97; Georgia, 94; Alabama, 96; Mississippi, 98; Louisiana, 95; Texas, 95; Arkansas, 97; Tennessee, 94.

The preliminary investigation of the area of manufacturing leaf tobacco makes an increase of 18 per cent. over the greatly reduced crop of last year.

There is an increase of 4 per cent in the area of potatoes, condition averages 95.7.

The European report for July makes the prospect late and unpromising throughout Europe, Russia excepted. The Rye crop will be short in Central Europe.

Tariff—Rivers and Harbors.

WASHINGTON, July 10.—It is believed that the Mills bill will pass the House early next week. About ten pages of that part of the tariff bill which fixes duties remain to be acted upon, but they include the wool and woolen schedules.

The conferees on the river and harbor bill have been in session two days.

Congress.

July 5.—Senate.—A message from the President was received vetoing a bill granting a pension to Mary Anne Doherty. The President shows the bad character of the woman and that the husband, on account of whose death that the pension was desired, is alive and is himself drawing a pension. The President says he would yield to no man in a desire to see those who defended the government liberally treated, but the pension list should be a roll of honor and not a matter of indiscriminate alms-giving. A number of bills were reported. The conference report on agricultural appropriation bill was concerned in. Resolution adopted: Calling on the secretary of the interior for information as to improper and ultimate selections of swamps and overflowed lands.

House.—A number of bills were reported. The land forfeiture bill was discussed at some length, but no quorum could be secured to vote on its passage.

July 6—Senate—Not in session.

House—The day was spent considering the tariff bill.

July 7.—Senate—Not in session.

House—Bill passed: For purchase of a new site at Fort Omaha. A number of vetoes of pension bills were received. The greater part of the day was spent on the Mills bill.

July 9.—Senate.—The amendment to the interstate commerce act was discussed by several senators. Bills passed: For a bridge across the Arkansas river at Cummings Landing, Ark.; for a bridge across the Missouri river, between Kansas City and a point five miles below; to regulate the liens of judgment and decrees of the courts of the United States (with amendments.)

House—Speech on the Mills bill. Reciting the resolution directing the committee on manufactures to investigate the subject of trusts, stating that the scene of the investigation was so broad as to render it impracticable for the committee to make its report at the present session and directing the committee to report immediately with or without recommendations all the evidence taken by it relating to the so-called sugar trust, and also in a separate report, to report evidence taken relating to the so-called Standard oil trust; reciting the allegation that the present immigration into the United States is largely unbeneficial and injurious, and is encouraged to satisfy private greed, and the further allegation that the law prohibiting the importation of contract labor is being evaded owing to the lack of sufficient machinery to enforce it, and directing the speaker to appoint a special committee of five members to investigate the subject matter herein referred to, with leave to sit during the recess. The Mills tariff bill was considered the rest of the day.

DIAZ RE-ELECTED.

The Mexican Congress has Canvassed the Vote.

CITY OF MEXICO, July 10.—The Mexican Congress met yesterday and canvassed the vote by which President Diaz was re-elected. The method prescribed by the constitution for electing a President of the republic is modelled after that of the United States, except that at the time of counting the vote a committee of five members of the National Congress is appointed to scrutinize the returns and report to the full body.

Gen. Porfirio Diaz took the oath of office as President of Mexico on May 6, 1877, and from that day to his last he has been the controlling spirit in the affairs of this Republic. Several times has he preferred retirement to re-election, but his popularity has been such that he could find no opportunity to relinquish the affairs of state which he has so admirably administered. Under his guiding hand the financial credit of the young republic has been established, both in this country and in Europe. Railroad and other public improvements have been inaugurated and carried out successfully. In short, he has placed Mexico on the highway of progress, and it is therefore not strange that the people propose to keep him in charge another term.

THE IRON WORKERS.

Nineteen Mills So Far Have Signed the Scale—The Non-Union Men.

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 9.—The Structural Iron company, of New Albany, Ind., signed the Amalgamated scale this morning, making nineteen firms that have so far granted the demands of the workmen. The situation at Singer, Nimick & Co.'s works have not changed. The mill was in partial operation to-day with about 200 men, and the firm claimed that they would have no trouble in getting all the workmen necessary to run their plant in full.

The Aigamated association and Knights of Labor have declared war against the mill and all members who return to work before the scales are signed will be blacklisted.

The galvanized department of Moorhead, McClean & Co.'s mill started up this morning with their old workmen at last year's wages pending the settlement of the scale by the manufacturers. It is understood among the workmen that this firm will sign the scale as soon as they are ready to start the other departments.

MAXWELL'S LAST CHANCE.

Gov. Morehouse Will Hear Arguments for Commutation of Sentence To-day.

ST. LOUIS, July 10.—Yesterday was the time set apart by Gov. Morehouse to hear arguments by the attorneys of Hugh M. Brooks, alias Maxwell, for the commutation of sentence for the murder of Preller, but the governor had received such a number of appeals, petitions and letters from all parts of the state, which he thought the attorneys ought to examine before beginning their argument, that he postponed the argument until to-day. Mrs. Brooks and her daughter had an interview with the governor, and made an earnest appeal to him to save their son and brother from the gallows. He listened to them attentively, and said he would give the case the benefit of his very best judgment, and invited them to be present at the hearing to-morrow. He would also be glad to hear anything further which they might desire to present to him.

TEXAS FEVER.

It Has Made Its Appearance in Indiana and Farmers Are Greatly Alarmed.

WARSAW, Ind., July 10.—(Special.)—Farmers along the line of the Lake Erie & Western railway in this state are greatly alarmed over the appearance among their cattle of the dreaded Texas fever. A car load of Texas cattle passed over the road a few days since, and several of the animals died en route and were buried in Tipton county.

The infection appears to have caught and is spreading rapidly. In one neighborhood near Tipton ten head of valuable cattle have since died, and a similar disease has made its appearance among the the cows of Kokomo. Farmers fear that the scourge will become general.

THE CAMPAIGN.

THE DOLLAR-A-DAY LIE.

A Good Chance for Somebody to Make a Thousand Dollars.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 7.—Gen Harrison has received a number of letters making inquiry as to the truth of a charge made against him, to the effect that in a public speech delivered some years since, he said that "one dollar a day was enough for any workingman." This story had been sent all over the country in one shape or another and tens of thousands of postal cards containing the story have been sent into this state. The friends and supporters of Gen. Harrison state that it is an absolute falsehood, and the proprietors of the *Journal* have placed in one of the city banks $1,000, which that paper states "will be paid to any man, woman or child producing the proof that Gen. Harrison ever uttered any such statement. This offer is unlimited, either as to time or place. It will be paid to anybody who will produce the proof, whether living in Indianapolis, in Marion county, in the state of Indiana, or in any town, city, township, county or state in the United States or territories, and at any time.

A SENATORIAL BOOM.

Mr. Blaine May Have an Ambition for Mr. Frye's Place.

AUGUSTA, Me., July 7.—Not long ago, in conversation with your correspondent, the Hon. S. S. Marble, governor of Maine, said that he should not be surprised if Mr. Blaine should conclude to go back to the Senate. A number of politicians who have lately been seen have expressed themselves to the same effect. But it is said that there is another senatorial boom that is likely to be sprung should Mr. Frye's seat be contested next year by another member of his party, the boom in question being that of Hon. Thomas B. Reed, who is understood to be ready for the place at the first promising opportunity.

It is intimated in some political circles that should Mr. Blaine go into the fight Mr. Reed would also take a hand in it. When the sarcastic Maine Congressman was renominated in May it was said that he had given up his senatorial ambition this time, preferring to remain in his present position and take his chances for succeeding Speaker Carlisle. Some of the workers think that if Mr. Reed's district goes Democratic in September he will surely become a candidate for the Senate. He has not so far as known, however, declared it to be his intention to cope with Mr. Frye.

A BRIGHT OUTLOOK.

Prominent Democrats Going Over to Harrison—Why They are Deserting Cleveland.

ALBANY, July 6.—When the news of the nomination of Harrison and Morton came to this part of the country many of the Democrats declared that it was a very weak ticket, and that what they had feared was the nomination of Blaine. Although only a few days have passed since the event yet there is considerable change in their talk already.

The fact is they have not found as much against either Harrison or Morton as they expected to find, and they feel that the campaign is not to be a personal one, but rather that it is to be fought out on the lines of the tariff.

A number of prominent Democrats in this section have already pronounced for the Republican ticket.

Among the number there are two exmayors of Troy, and an ex-comptroller who marched with the Republican procession two or three days after the nominations were made. Up in the Mohawk valley, at Little Falls, Hon. George W. Smith, who has been a Democrat for many years, has returned to the Republican party. The noted seedsman, Hiram Sibley, of Rochester, is also out for the Republican ticket.

A prominent business man of Troy, who has always been a Democrat, declares that he shall vote for Harrison this time. He can see what disastrous results will follow the inauguration of free trade. In this connection he says: "As an illustration I will report what a manufacturer in this city said to me the other day: 'I employ 75 men. I pay them $3 a day. I have received a circular sent out by a firm in Halifax that manufactures the same line of goods. They pay their men $1 a day. Their plant and capital are practically free from taxation. So I can sell and I must sell and compete with them in open market, and to do so the wages of my men must come down to the wages paid in Halifax. Now shall I go to the polls and ask my men to go with me and vote for free trade and Halifax wages, or shall we vote for protection of labor, brand and butter?" That's the long and short of it. The man has been a life-long Democrat, but his eyes are open, and he will vote for Harrison and protection this fall. I was pleased to see such a grand demonstration for protection as was made that night. If the Republican party is solid for harrison, and can get its votes honestly counted Harrison will be elected."

In the city of Albany the change in the situation is even more marked. A Democrat who is high among the city offices says that he will not vote for Cleveland this time. Another gentleman, a man of leisure, will not vote the Democratic ticket on account of the tariff.

There are other prominent Democrats who are affected the same way, and the Albany *Times*, independent Democratic, is constantly asking the other Democratic papers what the tariff plank means, and stating that it does not intend to support it unless it is satisfactorily explained. Several Democratic firms of wool and hardware merchants are out in favor of the Republican ticket.

There is a class of Democrats who paid some attention to Governor and President-elect Cleveland while he was in Albany. They have not been noticed sufficiently since Mr. Cleveland moved to Washington; and while they may go so far as to vote for him, they will not use any money or any exertions in his behalf.

But the greatest change in the situation is shown in the attitude of the Mugwumps of 1884. One of these gentlemen became so sick of his bargain that, within a year afterwards, he applied for membership in one of the Republican clubs, but without success. This year he will vote for Harrison whether or no. Another who disliked Blaine will not vote for Cleveland again.

Another, a hardware merchant, knows Harrison well and will use his influence for him among his friends; and he would vote against the Democratic ticket at any rate on account of the tariff. Still another gentleman, a very prominent manufacturer of stoves, went over to Troy not long ago to see why he could not sell any more stoves in that city.

He found that the Austrians had copied his patterns and, with their cheap labor, were able to make stoves and undersell him. Therefore, he comes back wholly in favor of the tariff as it is and he will support the Republican ticket although he voted for Cleveland in 1884.

The above are only a few of the prominent instances which go to show the way the tide is turning even in this most conservative quarter of the state.

WANT NO FREE TRADE.

Another Life-Long Democrat Announces His Intention to Desert Cleveland's Sinking Ship.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., July 9.—Judge John Handley, of Lackawanna county, has created a decided sensation by announcing that he cannot support Cleveland in the coming campaign. The judge says: "It is no secret that I have declared my inability to follow Mr. Cleveland in his free trade fallacy. He has overstepped the line of Democracy and very many life-long Democrats cannot go with him.

"I am still a Democrat, but it seems to be the veriest folly for any thinkihg man to take the position that the President has on the tariff question. Protection is absolutely necessary with our sparse population, which could be put into the single state of Texas without crowding it even as much as Germany is crowded. With our vast undeveloped resources, with our immense acreage of public domain unoccupied and unimproved, it is folly to talk of free trade.

"When we shall have reached a population of 400,000,000 or 500,000,000 free trade may do no harm. I am with Mr. Randall in this fight. Like all men who conceive themselves men of destiny Cleveland thinks he can run counter to the genius of the age in which he lives, but in his case the fatal step is taken. I think the Republican ticket will be elected."

Closed Up Pittsburg Pool Sellers.

PITTSBURG, July 10.—In accordance with the orders issued by Superintendent of Police Brown, all the turf and ball exchanges in the city will close up next Saturday. The cases, however, will be carried to the Supreme court, and the pool sellers are hopeful that the verdict of the lower courts will be reversed.

Gen. Sheridan.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., July 10.—Gen. Sheridan passed a quiet night and continued comfortable during this forenoon. Hopes are expressed that the favorable condition may continue and that the work of Kokomo. Farmers fear that the scourge will become general. permanent improvement may be entered upon.

SERIOUS CHARGES.

Locomotive Brotherhood Men Arrested on Suspicion of Being Dynamiters.

CHICAGO, July 6.—Thomas Broderick and J. A. Bowles, members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and another man named Wilson, were arrested on a Chicago, Burlington & Quincy train, brought to Chicago and lodged in the county jail, under bonds of $5,000 each, charged with conspiring to destroy the railroad company's property. They had a considerable quantity of dynamite in their possession when arrested.

It is stated that the Burlington company has had a large force of detectives engaged for a long time in watching the movements of the strikers. Several so-called "agitators," whose movements correspond with some of the past attempts upon the company's property, were put under private surveillance. It was discovered that dynamite was used in several unsuccessful attempts to wreck trains within the past month.

The principal suspects were not allowed to make a move, day or night, without being under the watchful eye of an officer. It was impossible at first to locate the dynamite, but the officials of the "Q" assert that positive information was finally received that yesterday was the day chosen for a grand attack upon the company's property.

The officials say that if the danger had not been so imminent they would have allowed the conspirators to go on and further criminate themselves, but the plot had reached a stage where it was necessary to take decisive steps to prevent great destruction of property, not to say loss of human lives.

CHICAGO, July 6.—Chairman Hoge, of the old Burlington grievance committee, when seen by a reporter and asked what he knew of the men arrested in connection with the alleged Burlington dynamite plot, said: "Broderick I know slightly. He is a member of the Brotherhood, but never worked a day for the "Q" road in his life. As well as I remember, he is employed on the Illinois Central somewhere in Mississippi. Bowles worked 'scab' for the "Q" road thirteen days, but quit on the advice of his brother, who is a member of the order, and who also induced his brother to join.

"The third man, whose name I forget, I do not remember ever to have seen before. Broderick and Bowles have been drifting around here, on and off, but I do not remember to have spoken a dozen words to either of them for some weeks."

CHICAGO, July 6.—J. A. Bauereisen, deputy auditor of the Aurora, Ill., division of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, was brought to Chicago this morning under arrest by a deputy United States marshal. He is charged with complicity in the alleged dynamite plot against the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railway.

Bauereisen is not the mysterious fourth man who eluded the officers yesterday when three arrests were made, and exactly what his connection with the plot is,

HOGE ARRESTED.

A Sensational Turn in the "Q" Case at Chicago.

CHICAGO, July 10.—Chairman Hoge of the Grievance committee of the Brotherhood of Engineers, and Chairman Murphy, occupying the same position in the Firemen's Brotherhood, were arrested at their rooms in the Nation l Hotel this morning. The prisoners were taken completely by surprise. Both men were taken to the police headquarters and locked up.

The two chiefs were charged with conspiracy.

The much talked-of circular in which Hoge is alleged to have requested Brotherhood men to fire themselves secretly to the "Q" road and then disable the engines, is said to be the basis of the charge against Hoge. Chairman Murphy is charged with being an accomplice.

General Manager Stone swore out the warrants last night, and they were given to the officers to be served early this morning.

Attorney Collier, of the "Q" road, said this morning that the prisoners would be arraigned before a justice and a continuance taken, as the company was not yet ready to push its case. He asserted, however, that the evidence in possession of the company was conclusive.

ONE MORE TAKEN IN.

The Story of the Dynamiters is Being Drawn Out.

CHICAGO, July 10.—Another arrest was made in connection with the Burlington's alleged dynamite plot yesterday. United States Marshal Marsh, with a posse, and two detectives, went to Aurora and arrested George Gooding, a striking engineer. This man has worked for the Burlington road in various capacities for seventeen years and is a highly respected citizen of Aurora.

Gooding was brought to Chicago on a special train and taken to the marshal's private office, where he was examined for an hour by Marshal Marsh and the Burlington's attorneys. After this Gooding was taken before United States Commissioner Hoyne and placed in $5,000 bail for examination with the other prisoners, on the charge of assaulting an engineman, and of having explosives contrary to the federal laws.

Not being able to secure bondsmen, Gooding went to jail. To a reporter he declared his innocence of complicity in any plot. None of the officials present at the examination would say what the nature of Gooding's statements were, but Marshal Marsh said his latest completed the present case, and that no more warrants are out in connection with it. General Manager Stone had nothing new to say to-day except that he would make good all his charges at the proper time. Chairman Hoge still desires the Burlington officials to prove that there was any circular inciting the strikers to criminal acts, or that the Brotherhood is in any way responsible for any attacks upon the company's property or employes.

BRAKEMEN STRIKING.

The Kansas City End of the Road Having Trouble.

KANSAS CITY, July 10.—All the brakemen on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy road here struck at 11:30 this morning.

CHICAGO, July 10.—At the general offices of the Burlington road it was denied that all or any of the "Q." brakemen had struck.

DESTRUCTIVE STORM.

West Virginia Seems to be Getting More Than Her Share.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., July 9.—Two destructive storms have visited this section during the past two days. Rain with thunder, lightning and hail, and violent winds swept a territory within a radius of 35 miles, doing a large amount of damage. A ride through the territory yesterday showed bridges swept away, buildings unroofed, trees and fences down, and crops in a deplorable condition. This is between here and Athens, Ohio, and along the Little Kanawha and Ohio rivers.

Two fatalities are reported—John Thompson, a farmer, was instantly killed by lightning; Howard James attempted to ford a swollen stream at the accustomed place and was washed down with the torrent. Last night the second storm added to the destruction. Trees were blown down here, cellars flooded, foundations undermined and a large amount of damage done. Several inches of rain fell, rushing through the streets like a mill race. Roads were washed out, and telegraph lines prostrated so that news of the actual damage outside is coming in slowly.

Grain Suffered Much.

WABASH, Ind., July 9.—Reports from the great rain storm which swept over this section Saturday evening show that the damage is greater than first reported. Washouts are numerous and grain has suffered considerably in places. The amount of water that fell was something wonderful. The Cincinnati, Wabash & Michigan railway roadway was badly washed out.

Much Damage in New York.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 9.—The damage to crops and mill races by the breakage in the canal at Adams basin will amount to many thousand dollars. Had it not been for the prompt measures taken to stop the flood the damage would have been much greater. A number of bridges were carried away, and a half dozen of small mills will be forced to stop work for a couple of months.

WILL HE VETO IT?

A Rumor to the Effect That the River and Harbor Bill Will Not Go Through.

WASHINGTON, July 10.—A rumor was circulated about the Capitol that the President, because of the large amount appropriated by the River and Harbor bill would, in response to the demand of the New York press and Eastern railway influence, veto the measure when it be presented to him. Western Senators and Representatives say if the President should veto the bill it would cost him many a vote in their section. The steals and jobs in the River and Harbor bill are few compared to the vast number of legitimate projects throughout the country to be benefited by the passage of the bill, the same being now greatly needed because of the failure of the last one passed to get the approval of the President.

CONDITION OF BUSINESS.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s Report for the Week Ending To-day.

NEW YORK, July 7.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says:

The commercial situation changes little, but only for the better.

Crop prospects grow more favorable with every week of satisfactory weather, and the hopeful feeling thus produced throughout the West and South is felt immediately in some increase of trade.

Financial apprehensions are nowhere of weight at present; money is superabundant, and the belief prevails that the treasury will prevent pressure or disturbance. Such is the spirit almost everywhere, and business depends so largely upon sentiment, that hopeful expectations count for more than present dullness.

All over the country, the inactivity usual to the season appears to be intensified by special causes: by doubts regarding the tariff, by wars of rates, by labor disturbances, or by crop uncertainties. Yet there is everywhere confidence that better business is near at hand, and everywhere people are preparing for a season of unusual activity.

The business of transportation is much demoralized by cutting of rates, and the growing irritation threatens to bring more serious reduction before long, and yet there is a prevailing faith that all quarrels will be adjusted somehow, when traffic becomes large, though no one can quite see how.

The demoralization of rates affects the stock market scarcely at all, average prices having risen during the week about half of one per cent, notwithstanding a stagnation almost unprecedented.

Better crop prospects account for much of the prevailing confidence.

Even in the winter wheat regions where the damage was greatest, the yield appears to be greater than was expected, while the outlook for spring wheat improves with every week of good weather. So of corn, which promises a large yield in spite of the bad beginning in some sections. The violent and extensive storms of which the telegraph gives advices have doubtless done harm, but prior to Thursday the weather had been generally more favorable.

At nearly all interior points business is reported quiet or dull, though the excellent prospects for farmers are noted as justifying a confident feeling.

Present inactivity makes the supply of money ample at almost every point, and the complaints of slow collections are less numerous this week.

The great strike of iron workers has little effect as yet, the belief being general that it will not last long. Yet the effect of one large establishment in resuming work with non-union men and the consent of others to the terms demanded by the association seems to render a speedy settlement less probable.

Excepting a firmer tone for bar iron, the market has not been perceptibly affected, and reported sales of Western rails at prices of equivalent to $27.75 at Eastern mills, indicate no material increase in demand.

Dry goods are dull as is usual after July 1, and little new business appears.

While nearly all the great branches of manufacture are affected by uncertainties as to the tariff, the impression grows in business circles that nothing will be done at Washington this year, and that the business kept back by uncertainty will swell the volume of trade after Congress adjourns.

Speculative prices are stronger for breadstuffs, wheat having advanced during the week 3¼c; corn 2⅝c and oats ½c.

Cotton is also a shade stronger, with butter, cheese and potatoes, and oil has risen 2½c.

The general average of prices has fallen 7½ per cent from January 1 to July 1, but has slightly recoved this week.

Foreign trade improves a little, exports from New York for June being only 6 per cent below last year.

The treasury has taken in during the past week $1,900,000 more than it has paid out, besides increasing its deposits in banks $1,400,000.

The exchanges at cities and towns outside of New York continue to fall below last year's, but this loss is in part the consequence of the great activity early in the year, and for the half year, the exchanges outside of this city were but half of one per cent below those of the first of 1887. At New York, however, the decrease was 13.8 per cent; at Boston, St. Paul and Milwaukee 5.5; at Cincinnati, 10.5, and at Baltimore 13.8 per cent, while Chicago reports a gain of 7.9 per cent, New Orleans a gain of 5.8 per cent, and St. Louis a gain of 1 per cent.

Failures during the last seven days number for the United States, 192; for Canada, 22; total, 214, as compared with 202 last week, and 154 for the corresponding week of last year.

BREAKS THE SILENCE.

General Alger Replies to the Charges That His Friends Purchased Votes For Him in the South.

DETROIT, July 7.—The statements of Senator Sherman, that votes in the Chicago convention were purchased for Gen. Alger were read by Gen. Alger with considerable indignation. To a *Journal* reporter this morning the general said:

"I had intended to reply at length to the statements of Mr. Sherman, but have concluded not to do so for the present. Yesterday I received a letter from my old friend, Dr. A. E. Ewing, of Richfield, O., at whose house I lived when I worked for my board at attend school.

"His letter expressed regret that I did not receive the nomination at Chicago, and also incredulity of the newspaper rumors that I had purchased the votes of southern delegates. I wrote him an answer in which I gave my opinion on these subjects.

"Will you give the *Journal* a copy of the letter?"

"Certainly. It is all I have to say on the matter at this time, and you may publish it if you choose."

The following is the letter:

DETROIT, July 5.

MY DEAR DOCTOR—I arrived home from Gettysburg this morning, having spent the 25th anniversary of that great battle upon the field where rebellion reached its flood tide and where it began to ebb.

Upon my arrival I find your kind letter of the 1st inst., referring to the silly rumor (which I am glad you do not credit) that I had purchased votes in the Chicago convention. I did not, nor can I now, believe that any such reports emanated from any candidate. They are too absurd.

No votes were purchased for me to my knowledge or belief, and I am sure I should have known it had there been. I have taken no pains to deny these charges because I did not suppose it came from any respectable source or that they would be believed. But as you have given me a chance to serve a friend to me when I was a poor boy and needed a friend, I write this to answer your direct questions as to the truth and falsity of these reports, and to set your mind at rest.

It is not probable or reasonable that a great state like Michigan would stand by a man to the "finish," as my state stood by me," unless that man had the reputation of being respectable and honorable. Kindest regards to your good family. Sincerely your friend, R. A. ALGER.

THE GREEN CORN DANCE.

The Seminoles Holding their Annual Powwow in the South.

KISSIMMEE, Fla., July 7.—Word is brought in by hunters and others from the Okeechobee region that the Seminoles are now holding their grand annual green corn dance. It is said to be the largest ever held by them for many years, and representatives from the tribes in the Southern Everglades are present. It is said that they have a ring around their big pole fully a foot deep, caused by their running in it and dancing. On the night of the full moon they keep up their dancing and shouting all night; on other nights they all stop at midnight.

The exercises are very curious and interesting. They run around the pole, the circle being about 35 feet in diameter. The women have little balls made of animals' intestines which they throw up at the top of the pole, and the braves catch them in a sort of hoop made of a bent stick and a small bag of animals' sinews.

All of Chipco's and Talahuska's braves are present, and it is evidently their big festival.

A party tried to take a photograph of the dance, but the bucks thought that there was some witchery or something wrong about it, and made so many objections that the party wisely concluded to abandon it.

There are fully 500 Indians and half-breeds camped there now, and they remain there a month. The half-breeds are not permitted to participate in the dance. The Indians are very exclusive at these times, and do not like the presence of whites.

The Emperor's Russian Visit.

BERLIN, July 7.—Emperor William leaves Berlin for Kiel on the 13th inst. After sojourning there for a day he will proceed to St. Petersburg by sea, arriving on the evening of the 18th. The suite accompanying him will comprise his aid-de-camp, Count Herbert Bismarck, General Von Witteh and possibly the military attache of the Russian embassy at Berlin. The remainder of the emperor's suite will leave Berlin for St. Petersburg on the 17th.

HARRISON TO HIS FRIENDS.

The Next President of the United States Makes an Appropriate Address.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 10.—A delegation from Benton Harbor called on Gen. Harrison yesterday. Col. Ward made a short address, and in response to which Gen. Harrison said:

"This visit, my friends is exceptional in many of its features. Already, in the brief time since my nomination, I have received various delegations, but this is the first delegation that has visited me from outside the borders of my own state. Your visit is also exceptional and very gratifying in that you have brought with you the ladies of your families to grace the occasion, and to honor me by their presence. I am glad to know that while the result of the convention at Chicago brought disappointment to you, it has not left a sore that need the ointment of time for their healing.

"Your own favored citizen, distinguished civilian and brave soldier, Gen. Alger, was among the first and among the most cordial to extend to me his congratulations and the assurance of his earnest support in the campaign.

"I am sure it could not be otherwise than that the Republicans of Michigan will take a deep interest in this campaign, an interest that altogeter oversteps all personal attachments. Your state has been proudly associated with the past successes of the Republican party, and your interests are now closely indentified with its success in the pending campaign.

"I am sure, therefore, that I may accept your presence here to-night, not as only a personal compliment but as a pledge that Michigan will be true again to those great principles of government which are represented by the Republican party. We cherish the history of our party and are proud of its high achievements; they stir the enthusiasm of the young and crown those who were early in its ranks with well deserved laurels.

"The success of the Republican party has always been identified with the glory of the flag and the unity of the government. There has been nothing in the history or principles of our party out of line with revolutionary memories, or with the enlightened statesmanship of the framers of our constitution. These principles are greater than men, lasting as truth, and sure of final vindication and triumph. Let me thank you again for your visit and ask an introduction to each of you.

At the conclusion of Gen. Harrison's remarks the company broke into groups, and some time was spent in social conversation.

Among the visitors at the Harrison residence were Gen. Fairchild, ex-commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, and Hon. D. S. Alexander, formerly of the treasury department, Washington, now a resident of Buffalo.

DEATH OR LIBERTY.

A Maltreated Sailor on a British Bark Swims Ashore to Staten Island.

NEW YORK, July 7.—As the British bark Avoca, on her way to Liverpool, was being towed past the quarantine station one of the sailors jumped from the forecastle deck and struck out for the shore, three-quarters of a mile away. The man had not got far from the vessel when he was picked up by a boat from a schooner anchored near. The bark was brought up into the tide, and the captain shouted to the men to bring the sailor back to the ship. On hearing this the sailor threw off his jacket, and, jumping into the water again, headed for shore. The boatmen did not pursue him.

The captain vented his disappointment in a volley of vigorous language and the bark went on. The sailor got to the Staten Island shore, half dead. He said he shipped on the bark Monday night, full of liquor, and had been on board but a few hours when one of the officers spoke him with a belaying pin and beat him into insensibility. His face was covered with bruises. "It was death or liberty when I took that plunge," he said. "I've left a chestful of good clothes on board the craft, but I don't care for that." He said he was from St. John, N. B., but refused to give his name. He refused any kind